

The TATLER

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London, May 18, 1932

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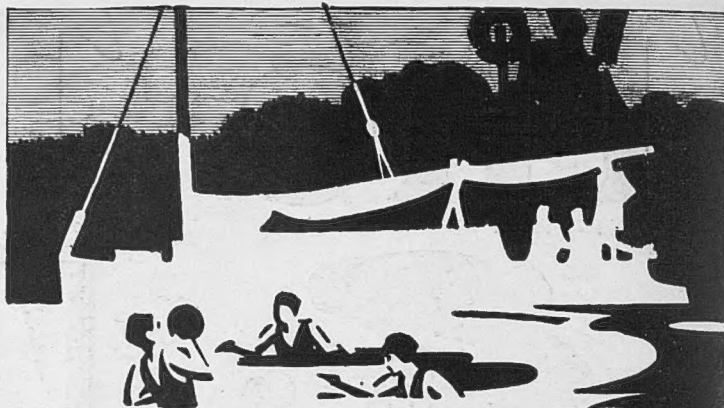
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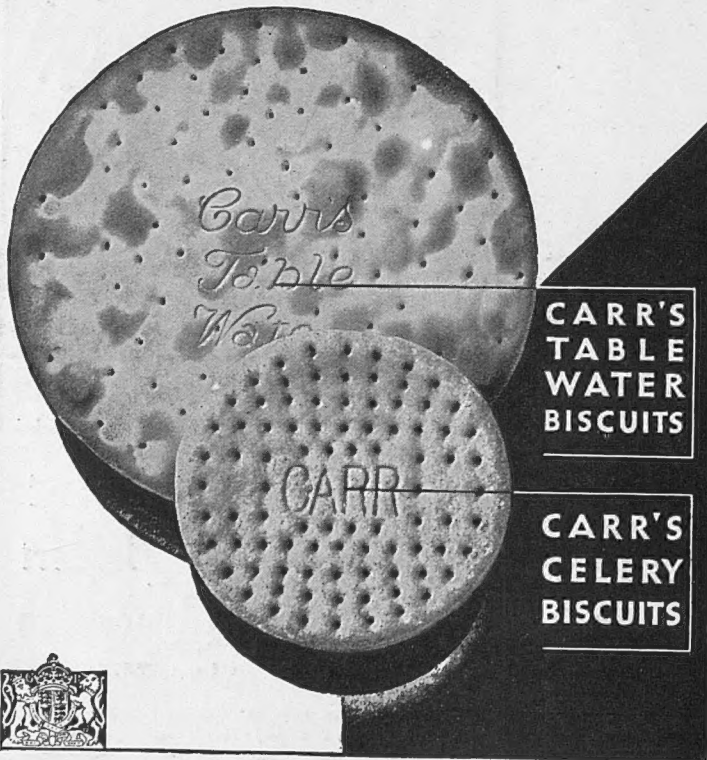
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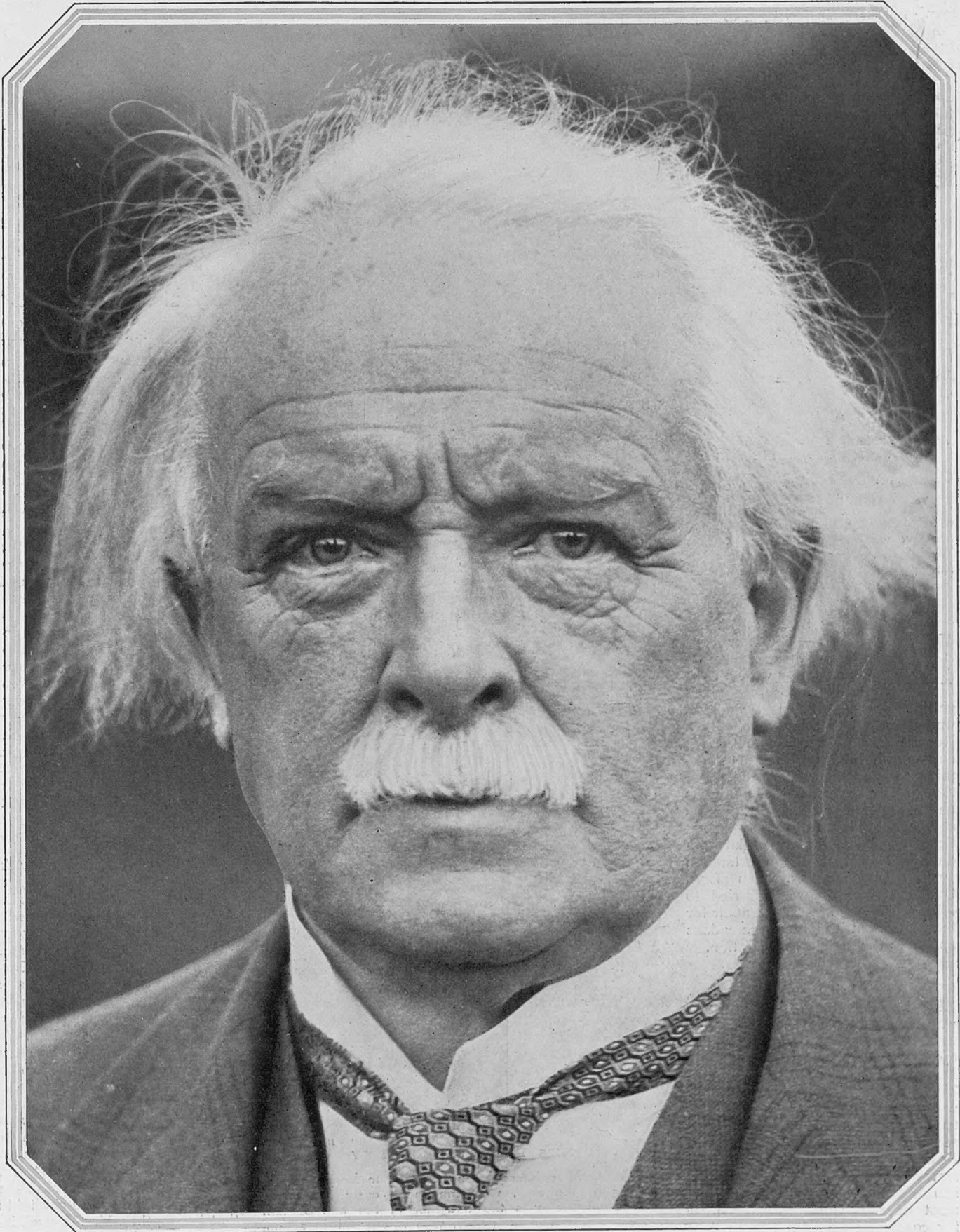
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THE RIGHT HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, O.M., D.C.L., M.P.

The latest portrait of the famous ex-Premier, taken when he was staying with Sir Frederick and Lady Keeble (Miss Lillah McCarthy) at Hammels, Boar's Hill, Oxford. Lord Beaverbrook's intensely interesting book, "Politicians and the War, 1914-16," which lays bare to the public gaze all the incidents of the fall of the Asquith Cabinet and the birth of the Lloyd George one, gives us such a picture of the War Premier as no other literary artist has hitherto managed to paint

THE LETTERS OF EVE

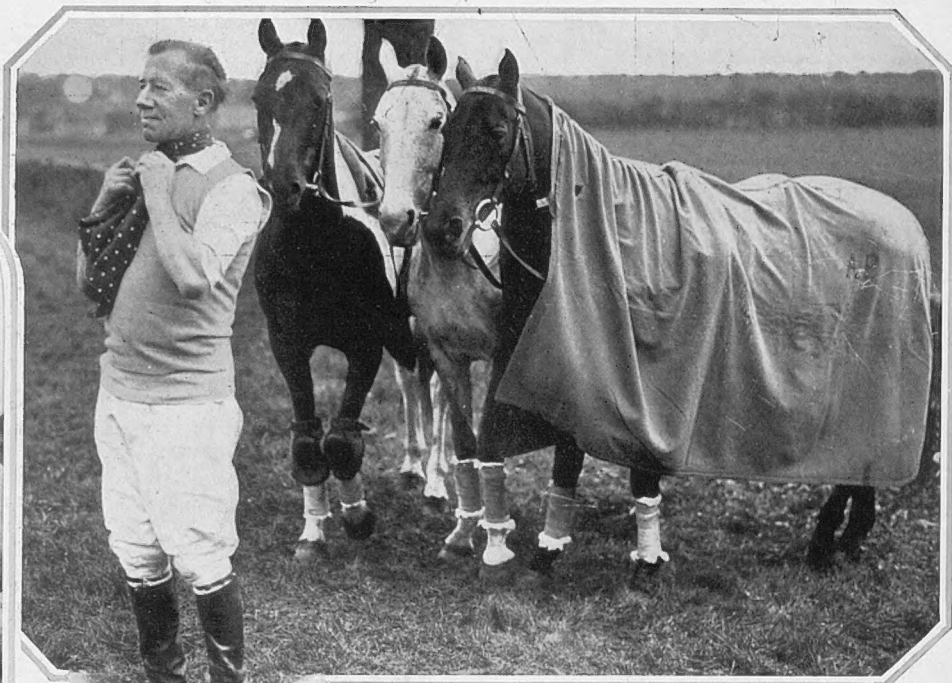


AT UTTOXETER 'CHASES: COLONEL AND
MRS. PAT STEWART

Colonel P. D. Stewart, D.S.O., was originally an Argyll and Sutherland Highlander, then he went to the Gordons and eventually transferred to the Cavalry, 3rd D.G.'s in 1912. Mrs. Pat Stewart was the widow of Mr. Thomas Hood Walker, and her daughter is married to the future Joint Master of the Warwickshire, Mr. P. Dunne

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
MY DEAR,—The few days before Whitsun are generally so empty with all the world pre-occupied about getting away. But last week it wasn't only the faithful habitués of Newmarket, taking their last three days until July, who found something to keep them interested. For though the parties fell off a bit, we had the opening of the opera season at Covent Garden, the two first Courts, and two rather special weddings. Not that the Chatsworth wedding on Monday, when Lord Charles Cavendish was married to Miss Adèle Astaire, was an affair for the crowd, but it made a tremendous appeal to the popular imagination.

* * *
The other bride and bridegroom, Mr. Dewar and Mrs. McNeill, who were married the day after, made about their last appearance together as an engaged couple at Kempton the previous Saturday. They both looked very happy. We were wonderfully lucky to get the traditional Jubilee weather for it seemed any odds against it on Friday, when we were drowned and frozen alternately. However, the sun shone warmly, and induced most of the women to shed their fur coats and blossom out in light Spring garments. The most Spring-like of all was worn by Mrs. Clayton,



Dennis Moss

AT THE BEAUFORT POLO CLUB: MR. E. A. PHILIPPI

They have managed to start and carry on polo at the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club at Norton, near Malmesbury, Gloucestershire, and some information about this wonderful polo organization will be found in the Polo Notes in this issue

who came with Mrs. Ferdie Stanley. For her tall figure was clad entirely in white relieved by only the most sparing touches of black. But possibly the strongest evidence of the arrival of spring was the amazing growth of eyelashes on the lids of the women all around me.

1932 is certainly yielding a record crop. But I fear that only the most innocent are deceived by them, for one of the most ingenuous men I know assured me (as though I weren't already wise) that they were made of horsehair and stuck on. I, personally, shed mine for good after they came unstuck before the eyes of the young man I had hoped to capture. But the idea has special possibilities for racing enthusiasts. For while the snobs might go for an Orwell or a Cameronian outfit the more frivolous might have a huge success with Joyous Greeting lashes combined with Whoopee eyebrows! However, I hope that too many people won't make themselves unrecognisable this way, or by adding platinum streaks to their hair until Ascot, when they must at all events have their names written across their chests.

* * *

But I've wandered away from Kempton. I've rarely seen the place more crowded, and we were six and seven deep round the parade ring before the big race. All the usual people were there, of course. And Sir Gordon Carter, looking his usual well-dressed self and showing no signs of all the strenuous work he has to put in between now and Ascot, Mrs. Westmacott, Lady Godfrey-Faussett, who had just seen her younger son, David, off to rejoin his ship, and Lady Stanley, who was talking for some time to Sir Leonard Brassey.

Talking of Lady Stanley reminds me of Mrs. Loel Guinness, who went with her to the West Indies early this year. I saw Mrs. Guinness the other day and she told me that her mother, Mrs. Wessel, is on her way round the world in a small yacht with her husband and her eighteen-months-old son. The



Bertram Park

MISS BETTY SHAUGHNESSY

Miss Betty Shaughnessy's engagement to Lord Grenfell, who is in the 60th, was announced early last week. Miss Shaughnessy is the daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Alfred Shaughnessy, who was killed in action, and of the Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh. Lord Grenfell is a son of the famous F.-M. Lord Grenfell, who was also a King's Royal Rifleman

trip is to take four years, so it will be a long time before their friends see them again. And when they do they will meet a Spartan boy, for the baby takes his daily bathe hung over the side in a net.

The sudden order for Court mourning was specially sad for the poor débutantes, coming as it did last week, for it does dull some of the pomp and glory. But one poor "bud" that I know of had a far more personal and private grief to take some of the edge off the thrill of her first curtsey. This was Miss Valerie Lynch, the pretty seventeen-year-old daughter of Colonel and Mrs. David Lynch, who was bitten over the eye with such effect by a particularly vicious mosquito that she had to take to her bed for several days, and was only able to get out of it in time for the great event. However, her masses of fair curly hair hid the damage very adequately.

In spite of this order coming on a Saturday, all the ladies, except the Princess Royal and Lady Joan Verney, who accompanied the King and Queen when they made their special visit to the Academy on Sunday, were able to appear in all black, though I fancy that they must have found the spring sunshine a little trying. The Queen herself looked wonderfully well in grey. Her strong aversion to black is, of course, well known.

A member of the party who had been specially invited was Miss Keyser—or Sister Agnes as she prefers to be called. Just how wonderful she is you can learn from any officer who has been under her care in the hospital she has run since the South African War. She is called at six every morning, takes her hours on duty with the nurses, and attends every operation. And she only takes one short holiday at



AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT POLO CLUB

In this group, watching the polo at the B.H.P.C., of which another snapshot appears on the preceding page, left to right, are: Seated—Miss Faulkner, Captain Faulkner, Major Nugent, Mr. Lomas; standing—Miss M. Brassey, Miss Crichton, and Count Paul Munster. The club has got eleven well-drained grounds and is a great organization

Balmoral every year. She has been a great friend of the King and Queen for many years, and often has a morning walk with the King round the garden of Buckingham Palace.



MR. JOHN AMERY

The son of the Right Hon. Leopold Amery, who has "adopted" the films as a profession and has just returned from Africa, where he has been directing the native, jungle, and flying scenes of "Jungle Skies" for his own company, the John Amery Productions, Ltd. These include some remarkable shots, including a lion hunt by natives armed with spears and a ceremonial dance to celebrate the kill

attractive jewelled shoulder straps white, was almost the only woman in the house wearing gloves.

I saw Miss Nellie Roe and Mrs. Morley—both ardent Covent Garden-ites, and the foyer during the interval was thick with celebrities. Lady Oxford looked well in a short grey velvet coatee, and amongst others I noticed Lord Rosse, Mr. Francis Toye, Mr. Cedric Alexander, and Lady Caroline Paget, lovely in white and ermine. Lady Jowett came with Mrs. Fred Lawson, who wore an attractive and unusual maroon velvet coat, and Miss Margaret Elwes was telling her friends all about her wedding plans. She is to be married early in June, and some of the most attractive babies in London will follow her up the aisle. Mrs. Simon Elwes' small son, Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger's Zoe, and Mrs. Richard Elwes' small daughter, are all under three, so the procession is likely to be a very youthful one.



MISS THEO BENSON AND MR. RONALD WORTHINGTON AT UTOXETER CHASES

Miss Benson went well prepared for anything Mr. Buchan and others might send, and her corduroy suiting was the admiration of the beholders. Mr. Worthington is a son of Mr. William and Lady Muriel Worthington, who is an aunt of Lord Aylesford

Alanova, the English "Russian dancer," managed to pack the Savoy for her one-man show this week, and I saw many members of her own profession taking a busman's holiday and watching her performance with great interest, including the great Massine himself. Little Miss Wendy Toye, who was so attractive in *Toad of Toad Hall*, and who is appearing herself in *The Miracle*, was sitting in the front row with her mother taking it all in, and I rather wished she could have given us a dance herself. It would have lent variety to an entertainment that was too much on one note throughout.

(Continued overleaf)



Crompton

LORD STAMFORD AND THE CHIEF SCOUT (LORD BADEN-POWELL)

A snapshot at Dunham Massey Hall, Altrincham, at the Scouts' Training Camp given by Lord Stamford. Lord Baden-Powell was raised to the peerage in 1929, and quite apart from his magnificent work for the Scout movement his active service record would fill a book

about. But, quite frankly, the clothes and Alanova's beauty were the most interesting part of her dancing. She has natural grace and a feeling for expressive gesture but her technique is not remarkable and she seemed to many of us to lack balance and finish. On the first night she gave a supper party and entertained among others Baroness Emile d'Eranger and her son, Miss Olga Lynn, and Mr. Bertie Lansberg.

Almost the only hostesses for débutantes last week were Lady Violet Brassey and Mrs. Minto Wilson, whose dance on Tuesday night was for her younger daughter, Diana. She and her sister, Rosemary, who came out a season or two ago, wore dresses that were almost alike in cut, but while one was in black and white the other was in red and white. Both these girls are tall, and height is certainly an attribute of this year's débutantes. Miss Eyres-Monsell, Miss Magdalene Fraser, Miss Averil Streatfield, and Miss Jean Follett are all very tall.

Lady Cowdray gave a dinner before this dance, but neither she nor her husband went owing to the family mourning, so Miss Brenda Pearson was left to take the party on by herself. Others to be seen besides were Lady Bridget Poulett, who was dancing with Sir Francis Throgmorton, Miss Priscilla Weigall, who looked her best in a white frock, Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton and Lady Elizabeth Lindsay, Lord Crawford's youngest girl.

Miss Dorothy Paget seems to be in for a really good racing season, for she continued her winning way by taking the first race at Newmarket last week. It is good news to hear that her sister, Lady Baillie, has returned, and is once more giving week-end parties at Leeds Castle, her beautiful home near Maidstone. She has made it one of the show places in England, and by skilful use of old materials she has managed to preserve the medieval atmosphere in the most extraordinary

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Alanova is a very beautiful creature, bronzed, and healthy-looking, and her dresses were incredibly beautiful. I heard Miss Gertie Lawrence becoming positively lyrical on the subject of her Marie Laurencin waltz dress of pink and blue feathers, and Miss Lawrence knows what she is talking

way. Those arriving at Leeds see it first across the moat, on which three black swans sail majestically. Its grey stone walls and magnificent proportions are even more impressive from the court-yard, which is reached by way of a stone arch and the remains of an old drawbridge.

Lady Baillie (you remember her better, perhaps, as Mrs. Wilson-Filmer) has kept the atmosphere of the place intact by lighting most of her rooms with candles placed in iron brackets, and she has left the original stone floors untouched, adding very beautiful Persian and Bokhara rugs, and hung the walls with hunting tapestries in greens and blues. Sir John and Lady Milbanke, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thursby, Lady Brecknock, and Mr. and Mrs. Simon Rodney have all been staying at Leeds just lately.

I am glad to hear that Edward Burra, the brilliant young artist who made such a sensation when he had a small show about three years ago, is giving another exhibition which is due to open at the Leicester Galleries next Wednesday. He has certainly grown in force and imagination during the last three years, and his colour is more exotic. So I imagine we shall be hearing a good deal about him next week. This young man is only twenty-seven, and a great technician though he is practically self-taught.

It is only a stone's throw from the Leicester Galleries to the National Portrait Gallery which the Lawrences alone make so well worth visiting. But I wonder how many people ever go there. I confess that I made my first visit only the other day and felt rather depressed that this gallery of the great ones of the past should be so deserted by the present. I was struck, too, by the extraordinary likeness of Princess

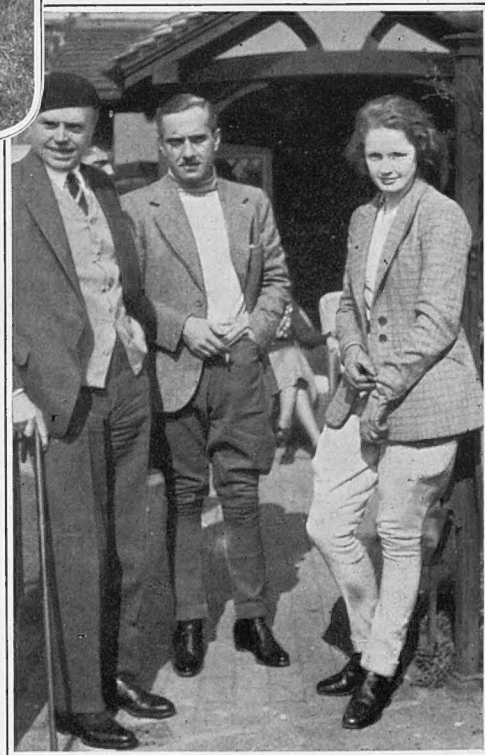


LADY MURIEL WORTHINGTON AT MAPLE HAYES

The garden at Maple Hayes is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever to its owner, who takes a great personal interest in it. Maple Hayes is near Lichfield, and Lady Muriel Worthington is an aunt of the Earl of Aylesford and the wife of Mr. William Worthington. She is a deadly shot with a bow and arrow and is a very keen archer

Charlotte, the daughter of George IV and Queen Caroline, to our own Princess Royal. And Felicia Dorothea Hemans, and the three Brontë sisters, painted by their brother, are very little different from the young women of the present day.

On the other hand, some of the people are so unlike what one imagines them.—EVE.



AT PINCKNEY'S GREEN: MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, MR. HAROLD HUTH, AND MISS GWYNETH LLOYD

One of the people in this picture needs no introduction; of the others Mr. Harold Huth has just finished a talkie called "The Flying Squad," and Miss Gwyneth Lloyd is one of the promising young actresses attached to the Gainsborough Studios and is now in a film, "Love on Wheels," in support of Mr. Jack Hulbert

PUNCH'S CLUB THROWS A PARTY AT THE CARLTON



THE HON. MRS. EVAN MORGAN AND MR. EDWARD BOULENGER

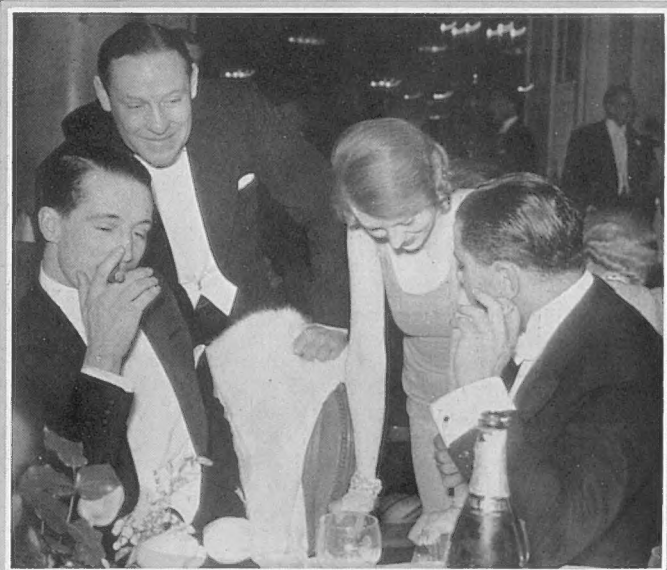
Punch's Club, which came into existence only six months ago, but is now well established in popular favour, gave a first-rate dance last week at the Carlton to celebrate its successful career. Here are a few of those present. The Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan, who is seen with Mr. Boulenger, the distinguished naturalist, only recently returned from a trip to Ceylon with her father-in-law. Mr. Dale Bourn, the well-known golfer, was in good dancing form, and Captain "Babe" Barnato and his bride were members of a huge party which included Mrs. Philip Kindersley, attractive in blue. Lady Adare was in brown, and the Hon. Mrs. John Barran's white frock had a bright green scarf which was worn like the ribbon of an Order. The Hon. Max Aitken danced frequently with Miss Margaret Whigham



MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM AND THE HON. MAX AITKEN



MR. DALE BOURN, MRS. BROWNING, AND MR. PHILIP LE GROS



MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY WITH CAPTAIN BARNATO, MR. NICK PRINSEP, AND LORD INVERCLYDE (left)



MRS. EDGAR WALLACE AND MISS PAT WALLACE SUP WITH MR. ANTHONY PRINSEP AND MR. LINNETT



LADY ADARE (left) WITH MR. AND THE HON. MRS. BARRAN, MR. RITCHIE, MRS. CHICHESTER, AND MR. DAVID McEWEN

Photographs by Sasha



IN CALIFORNIA: RUTH HALL AND ADRIENNE DORÉ

Two young Warner Brothers' "featured" players, who are both going up the ladder fast. Ruth Hall did good work in "High Pressure" and "The Heart of New York," and Adrienne Doré likewise took honours in "The Expert."

Hollywood, was doing good work for a bathing suit company. The enterprising people of the American film and business worlds are out to exploit athletic stars, who can always be pretty sure of getting a good contract of one kind or the other.

I am also innocent of any feminine prejudice in recommending *Mädchen in Uniform*, the German film now running at the Academy, to your very special notice. A great many of you have already seen this picture made from Christa Winsloe's "Gestern und Heute," directed by Leontine Sagan, and acted by a cast consisting entirely of women and girls, headed by Dorothea Wieck and Hertha Thiele, each lovely in her different way. For it is definitely the film of the moment to go and see and to rave about afterwards to those who have not seen it. But do not let that deter you if you happen to be one of the latter. Because in so many ways this is one of the most beautiful productions we have ever seen in England. A most lovely piece of work. Every scene and every shot is significant. The lighting and photography are perfect, and if one is ever made conscious of the presence of the camera it is only to feel that it is at one with the sympathetic treatment of a subject which has been so delicately handled that it has been made into a thing of beauty. It might so easily have been distorted and made ugly.

The scene is laid entirely in a German boarding school, presided over by one of those typical head-mistresses whose ideas on strict discipline and conduct are reflected in her face, her clothes, and the ruthless creaking of her shoes. Into this school arrives a lovely, sensitive, fifteen-year-old orphan, Manuela, whose starved heart opens to the beautiful Fräulein von Bernberg, the mistress for whom most of the girls have

The Cinema : By Lenz

I HAVE no ulterior motive in choosing French and German films this week, but early-to-press requirements prevent my seeing the new British and American productions in time to write about them. So for the time being I must neglect Edgar Wallace's *Frightened Lady* and I must chance *Tarzan* remaining at the Empire for longer than a week on the strength of all the advance publicity we have had about it, and about the torsic charms of Johnny Weismuller, America's champion swimmer who, until he went to

a light-hearted "schwärm." She is a woman who does her best to lighten the stern discipline of the school and believes in treating the children as friends and reasonable human beings. But while the others laugh together about their success with the Bernberg, Manuela's adoration for her is almost too sacred to be talked about until the night of the school theatricals.

Then, exalted by the success of her acting and the punch which is freely served out at supper after the play, Manuela proclaims her devotion in a loud voice just as the head-mistress enters the hall. The result is a horrified silence, followed by talk of scandal, by banishment, and by the order that she and the Fräulein are never to speak again. But, defying the order, the mistress permits a last interview so that she may explain to the child who cannot understand that there is anything to be ashamed of in her love. Still not understanding, Manuela says good-bye, and only the intuition of the other children saves her from throwing herself down the great well of the staircase. The panic searching of the girls, cross-cut with Manuela's movements, and a stormy scene between the head-mistress and the Fräulein, oblivious of the imminent tragedy, make an unforgettable sequence which ends with the retreating figure of the head-mistress emptied of all her arrogance and power. Even the creaking of her shoes has gone.

As *Mädchen in Uniform*, without the disfiguring dialogue translations, was first shown by the Film Society I hope that other films from its programmes may come to be shown publicly. Such as *Mistigri*, which we saw ten days ago. This is a French production directed by Harry Lachman who, before he first took to cinema work with Rex Ingram, studied painting and has pictures hung in the galleries of Paris, Rome, and America. He has been directing on his own for some time now both in France and England, and I think we all appreciated his treatment of *Aren't We All?*

Mistigri was made some time before that. But there is the same evidence of his wit in this tragi-comedy of theatrical life in which a rich young girl of the bourgeoisie leaves her kind and attentive fiancé and goes off with a vain, spoilt, third-rate operatic tenor. It is the usual story of failure and dwindling fortune until there is nothing ahead but starvation or suicide. But so differently treated. For even the attempt at suicide is full of delightful comedy; and when, after frustrating this tragedy, the fiancé starts the girl on a career so successful that the tenor can idle in luxury and give diamond bracelets to his girl friends, it is possible to understand just why she goes back to her worthless husband. For Lachman brings out just that something which makes us sympathize with the man who can describe himself as *un pauvre type*. Madeleine Renaud of the Comédie Française gives a lovely performance as the girl.

A more important item of the society's programme, because of its possible effect on producers in this country, was a short

feature called *Mundiges Volk*. Running for barely twenty minutes, yet covering a period of eighteen years, this film shows the development of the German nation, through all its trials and difficulties, from the beginning of the War to the present day. The four years of war pass by in a series of battle scenes. The changing aspects of the Front are cross-cut with the changing conditions at home. The post-War years, with their political, industrial, and financial crises are shown mostly by symbolic images. The modern Germany of the year 1932 is represented by the youth of the country doing massed drill in a huge stadium, preparing for the future. Why is it that in spite of Russia's lead with her propaganda films, a lead which has been followed by Germany and by America, who made *Hell Divers*, and with the world crying out for national films, we in England still fail to find our own history and our own achievements worth recording.



IN "LILY CHRISTINE": MILES MANDER AND CORINNE GRIFFITH

This film, based on Michael Arlen's story, did not have all the success hoped for it when it was at the Plaza, and it was felt that the Austrian director had somehow missed the British atmosphere, and that it would have been better if an English actress had played the chief part. Miles Mander acted magnificently.

FROM "FURRIN PARTS" —CAIRO AND BAGHDAD



AT THE EMBASSY CLUB, CAIRO: At a dinner at which the hosts were Mr. Geoffrey Lowndes and Captain Stanyforth. The names, left to right, are: Back—Mr. V. Cornelius, Miss Joan Dudgeon, Mr. H. Martineau, Mrs. Cornelius, Captain Stanyforth, Mrs. Huddleston, Captain Cooke, Mrs. Congreve, Captain Hogarth, Mr. T. Nicholls; in front—Lady Cholmeley, Mr. E. Dawson (of cricket fame), Miss P. Schreiber, Captain G. Verney (Grenadiers), Miss Jacquelin Hughes, Mr. Geoffrey Lowndes, Mrs. Hogarth, Major W. Wyatt (17th Lancers), Sir Hugh Cholmeley, and Miss Betty Cunard



This dinner at the Embassy Club, Cairo, happened just before Mr. Martineau's cricket team left. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Douglas Dickinson's party at the Alwiyah Club, Baghdad, was a farewell to the departing members of the British Military Mission. The entertainment consisted of dancing, roulette, and a "polo" tournament. The teams in the tournament were mounted on wooden horses and used fly-swats as polo sticks, the ball being first the bladder of a Rugby football, which was unfortunately burst and had to be replaced by that of an Association football. The winning team is shown in the picture on the left. Brigadier-General Headlam is Commandant of the Iraq Army Staff College, Major Simson is Inspector of Iraq Cavalry, Major Turner is Inspector of Veterinary Services, and Major Stubbs is Inspector of Iraq Medical Services

AT THE ALWIYAH CLUB, BAGHDAD: The winning "Polo" four—Major G. O. Simson, Brig.-General H. R. Headlam, C.M.G., D.S.O., Major E. G. Turner, D.S.O., and Major J. C. W. Stubbs, D.S.O.

(On right)—AGROUP AT LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. DICKINSON'S PARTY. The names are: Standing—Mr. J. B. Pemberton, Mr. H. J. Laverty, Major G. O. Simson, Major C. W. Allfrey, M.C., Miss Fagan, Major P. W. Clarke, D.S.O., M.C., Miss Hinton, Brig.-General H. R. Headlam, C.M.G., D.S.O., Major E. G. Turner, D.S.O., Captain J. W. F. Eassie, Major R. S. M. White, Mr. E. C. Mansergh, and Sq.-Leader P. Warburton, M.B.E.; middle row—Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Eassie, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Stubbs, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Simson, Miss Benson, and Mrs. MacLeod; front row—Captain D. MacLeod, Major F. C. Roberts, V.C., D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., Captain H. Kemp, Major E. G. Warren, Lieut.-Colonel D. P. Dickinson, D.S.O., M.C., Captain D. B. Brown, and Major J. C. W. Stubbs, D.S.O.



Racing Ragout : "GUARD-RAIL"

By



COLONEL REGGIE CRAUFURD

A speaking likeness by our clever caricaturist, and one that will be recognized at once by all those who go racing. Colonel Craufurd was in the Coldstream and has a very distinguished war record. He hunts in Leicestershire, and owns a race-horse or two.

and the Manchester Cup should be between these two should it be decided to run either.

The Tote at Chester is under a quarter of a mile from the enclosures at the far end of the paddock, and for the benefit of those who feel faint with the walk a tea "garden" has been established in the corner about half-way. The "garden" consists of a few saplings and emaciated shrubs stuck in the ground in the form of a square, and one of the most pathetic sights of the meeting was Cecil Ray, a lonely figure, drinking his cup of tea in sheets of rain with the wind whistling through the dwarf sycamores. It was a pleasure to see the Bend Or colours carried to victory at this meeting, and it reflects the greatest credit on Atty Persse to have so placed Bir Haakim that even with five runners in the race, the other four were worse than he. Nothing would be more popular on the turf than some good horses in the ducal colours. Racing at Chester may be a joke, but a jest of any sort is worth a lot in these hard times, and it helps to pay the rates. The field for the Kempton Jubilee was fairly good class, and probably the best horse at the weights won it. He deserved a prize anyway for consistency and regular attendance. On the whole this was a much clearer race than usual, without much trouble at the bend, and hard-luck stories were few. Hill Cat, one of my favourite horses with a shade more luck at the start and without his penalty, might just have brought it off, and Pricket was said to have been in a little trouble, but the whole thing is that the handicapping is very much too good and it is seldom a hole can be picked in it. Link Boy ran well and is a sure winner very soon. Nothing else of any very great interest appeared at the meeting with the exception of Will o' the Wisp, a chestnut filly by Hurry On out of William Pride, the dam of Town Guard. The form in the race amounts to nothing, but on the breeding alone she should be better than most of the fillies, especially in such a record bad year for fillies. Ted Gwilt is an artist at buying a cheap yearling and the Torlonia-Mohur colt let go by him at about £600 at

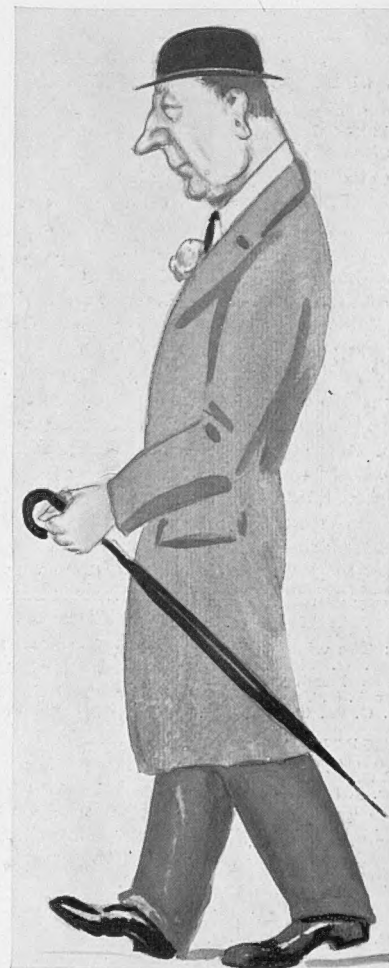
CHESTER is all great fun, but it has so little to do with racing that fine weather is essential, and one shudders to think what it would be like without the many hospitable private luncheon-rooms in bad weather. The class of horse running is on the whole very moderate, and the results depend more on the draw and the jockey than on anything else. Being able to see the whole panorama of the race one is astonished to see the incredible errors jockeys can make, from the two lads who went out a furlong in the Cup and were beat at the end of the first lap, to the jockey (and one that gets a retainer, too) who flung away the best thing of the meeting in a five furlong race. I wish Nat Gould had never written "Won by Waiting," or anyway qualified it by saying "not in a sprint race at Chester." The Cup showed that old Brown Jack has not lost his form through the winter, and though not quite at his best he put up the most sterling performance to finish in the shake up under 9.13 in deep going. I understand he is to try to carry no less than 10.2 in the Rosebery Memorial at Epsom, and there is no doubt the crowd would go wild if he won it. Ut Majeur was in need of a race, as was Pahokee, who ran very well,

Newbury was still not dear at the £1,000 at which Sir Malcolm McAlpine bought him out of the two-year-old selling at Kempton. He is certain to make his name in nurseries later on in the season.

Mr. Dewar chose a very dull day's racing at Newmarket on which to get married to his charming bride, and the good wishes of the racing world go with them both. Mr. Cottrill was certain on his home gallop that Sir Leonard Brassey's Sans Reproche would beat Kyles of Bute, which he had sold to Lord Carnarvon, and the event proved he was right, badly drawn as the filly was. The Chapeau colt couldn't quite carry his penalty in the deep going and went under with all flags flying. Salmon Leap had but two opponents to beat in Armagnac, who hates deep going, and Sea Serpent, an Irish importation with a deformed foot. None of the three were wound up, and the superior class of Salmon Leap just carried him home hard-ridden, instead of sailing home alone as one would have expected. Becti won over a mile and a furlong merely because she was admirably ridden by Michael Beary to beat a lot of other non-stayers. Miss Dorothy Paget can do nothing wrong, and her Jacqueline of Hainault won by a head from Endowment mainly through a quicker beginning. Lord Carnarvon ran a good-looking but green colt, Madagascar, in this race who could never quite go the pace of the more experienced two-year-olds.

Dining at the Embassy on the Tuesday night, where the new band is just about as good as Harris or Ambrose at their best, everyone was inquiring after "Percy" Whitaker, who was suddenly taken ill and operated on for appendicitis on Sunday last. I was unable to see him personally but understand that he is going on very well and am assured that the victory of Anna sent his temperature down about four holes. Even on his bed of sickness I believe he had a small bet on her, and, with Captain Jack Wilson now really on the right leg, she came and beat Chorist, whose half-brother, Big Black Patch, is a good winner, and whose half-sister is a promising two-year-old now with Major Beatty. I am told by a well-known doctor that betting in hospitals, in of course a very small way, is one of the standard recreations, and in one home for incurables where he works the entire population spend their time working out form and betting in what small possessions they have. One aged pauper, the bookmaker of the establishment, who at the doctor's morning round was given but an hour to live, held on grimly till the result of the big race, coming up on the tape at three o'clock, showed that the odds-on favourite was not in the first three, when he passed out with a smile on his lips, having skinned the entire ward of their jam and potatoes for a fortnight.

Just as this goes to press I read of the death of poor Frank Cundell, which one can but feel to be a merciful release after a long and trying illness. A charming man, and one of the most advanced veterinary surgeons, he will be a great loss to racing.



MR. HARRY MILNER

Another wonderful likeness of someone who is known to most people who go racing. Mr. Harry Milner is seen very frequently with Lord Derby, and has a good deal to do with the management of the Knowsley estates

UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY



AT THE GIRL GUIDES' PAGEANT AT MELLERSTAIN: LADY HADDINGTON, MARGARET HUME, AND LADY ELLESMERE



ALSO AT MELLERSTAIN: LADY JANE EGERTON (in uniform) AND SOME OF THE PERFORMERS AT THE PAGEANT



AT RANELAGH: COMMANDER AND MRS. LOUIS GREIG AND MRS. W. H. WHITBREAD



THE ELIZABETHAN "FAYRE" AT SCARBOROUGH. Left to right—MRS. CLEGG, MRS. DICK, MRS. FOXLEY-NORRIS, LADY DOWNE, AND MRS. GEOFFREY UNWIN

Lady Ellesmere opened the pageant at Mellerstain, Roxburgh, one of Lord Haddington's seats. It was organized by the Earlston Troop of Girl Guides, of which Lady Haddington and also Lady Jane Egerton, one of Lord and Lady Ellesmere's daughters, are officers. Lord Ellesmere's north country seat is Mertoun, St. Boswell's, which is close to the historic Eildon Hills with which the Devil had a good deal to do—at least so they say in them parts. Ranelagh was the first London club to start polo, but they were not allowed to carry on for long, as the rain came down again in stair-roads about thirty-six hours later. Gieve waistcoats seem to be indicated as part of people's polo kit. Lady Downe opened the recent Elizabethan Fayre and Maske at Scarborough in aid of the Waifs' and Strays' Society, and it did well financially, as over £1,000 was collected. All the ladies in the group had stalls, and the picture was taken actually at Mrs. Geoffrey Unwin's flower stall. The present Lady Downe is an American, and was married in 1928. The late Viscount died last year, and the present one was formerly in the 10th Hussars

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

The Story of a Musician.

BEFORE me as I write there is an enormous, crudely-coloured poster. It represents a fashionably-dressed lady bidding au revoir to her kitchen-stove. She had apparently used Blank's stove-polish and halved her house-work. Unfortunately, or so it seemed to me, the picture represented a lady who could never once have become familiar with her kitchen-stove, and wouldn't know what to do with it if ever she did so. It rather reminded me of the photographs of those modern model labour-saving kitchens which must look like the cook's dream come true—until she settled down to do some real cooking in them. Or again like one of those ultra-severe ultra-modern drawing-rooms which appear so splendid until you have to live in them, when the need of a few everyday necessary knick-knacks would completely spoil the artist's design on the spot. And so it seemed to me that Miss Henrietta Leslie's new novel, "Naomi's Child" (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.), makes an excellent story if only you can blink your eyes to the fact that Roger, Naomi's child, never strikes you as being a real musical genius but only a well-conceived young man cleverly painted as such. Genius is, I suppose, the most difficult of all human characteristics to pourtray convincingly. The more a writer seems to stress the fact the more the genius of the story becomes about as real as one of those old English streets on a stage backcloth. It doesn't matter how the other characters sit around him applauding in awe, his genius just doesn't seem to be anything but literary hokum. And so Roger's musical genius never seems to get much beyond the assertion stage. On the other hand, as a young man who played and composed and had a strange and varied life he is perfectly satisfactory. But Naomi, rather than her child, is the more convincing study. Here you have a woman who really ought to have had an illegitimate family. She was never meant to run in harness with a husband. She was too chilly and too cold. Her home was one of those places in which everything is so cleanly and in order that there is no atmosphere about it beyond furniture polish. No wonder the husband, who was a genial, company-loving soul, found his happiest hours outside it. Naomi wasn't genial, nor did she like company. She was extremely domesticated, and so virtuous that there was no chance ever to divorce her. She kept herself to herself, and it rather irritated her that no one, least of all her husband, seemed anxious to be admitted into her soul's parlour. Indeed, Naomi was the kind of wife who drives the average husband from home, and yet on the evidence the fault is all his. She was one of those boring love-devourers. She wanted to get her teeth into the few she loved so that by no chance would they ever be able to escape her dictation. Should they refuse thus to be eaten she immediately withdrew within herself, and felt that her life was starved of sympathy and understanding. There are lots of women like that. Consequently, when after many years a son was born to Naomi, and a little later her husband died, she settled down to devour the infant with an all-exclusive love. Well, the consequence of this was just as such consequences always are. The boy grew up to realize that his mother could always be depended upon to thwart any form of happiness in his life which did not come from her and in which she could not equally share. She hated his musical talent, she tried to prevent him from studying music, simply because she knew that she was not musical herself and that music would therefore take him eventually right out of her ken. Indeed, the most interesting part of this interesting novel deals with the boy's effort to



SIR HARRY GOSCHEN AND "PARD" ON THE SPEY

Sir Harry Goschen, the well-known London banker (Goschens and Cunliffe and chairman of the National Provincial) is having a bit of well-earned fresh air and exercise fishing the Spey. He is a guest of Mr. J. W. H. Grant at Carron House, Morayshire



THE "KING" OF THE COCOS ISLANDS

Mr. John S. Clunies-Ross, the "king" of the Cocos Islands, is the great-grandson of Captain John Clunies-Ross, who was born in Weisdale, Shetland, and joined the old Indian Navy about 1814. While serving he discovered the Cocos, of which he became "king." The Cocos came under the British Crown in the reign of Queen Victoria, and Her Majesty gave a perpetual lease to the owner of the islands and his successors. The eldest son, eldest grandson, and eldest great-grandson of the first owner have succeeded each other as "king," and are monarchs of all they survey!

express himself in music while at the same time struggling to make his mother share in his life. Loving her, being grateful to her, but nevertheless realizing at last that secretly she was all the time trying to thwart the happiness of his self-expression, and to bring him back to the dull, conventional existence where she could bind him to herself, because in that dullness and in that conventionality she herself could breathe freely. After all, was he not her son, and did he not belong to her? Thus she found for herself her own justification.

Ladies in Pantaloons.

IS there anything quite as inconsistent as conventional morality? I don't mean the real Right and the real Wrong, but the socially legal right and the socially legal wrong. The kind of saint in a top hat, frock coat, black gloves, and an expression like death, which so many people worship under the impression that the greater gloom the greater virtue. Even the morality of clothes is sacrosanct in a queer way. A woman can put on shorts, a man's shirt and collar, pretending to go hiking, and though the few will wonder what on earth the world is coming to, the rest will talk about female emancipation and the healthier outlook of the modern girl. But if a man went down to his office on a hot day in a brief skirt of pale pink ninon, a low silk blouse and no sleeves, he would be had up for the corruption of morals and be clapped into jail! Yet he wouldn't probably look any more grossly unbecomingly; while, if common-sense be the essence of emancipation, his female attire, as opposed to the stuffy rigidity of men's wear, would make freedom speak for itself. And so Mr. O. P. Gilbert's superficial, but interesting book, "Women in Men's Guise" (The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.), is no collection of hints at their worst, but the history of a series of eccentric females who apparently had never heard the worst as

(Continued on p. 280)

THE PENALTY!

By GEORGE BELCHER. A.R.A.



Mother: You know I can't take you to Church if you're a naughty girl!
Little Girl (doing some hard thinking): Must I always go if I'm good?

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

applied to such as they. For in spite of the fact that psychology and one's own experience prove that there is 80 per cent. of woman in many men, and an equal percentage of the male in many women, one may talk about the ladies, but one must put on the expression of unpleasantness, appropriate to smelling an escape from a drain, when the subject concerns the gentlemen. I suppose it is that Woman having been for so many centuries on a pinnacle as Woman, it is easier to act as if we simply could not believe it. And, of course, anything we don't like to believe we equally like to ignore. And thus it is that Mr. Gilbert's women-men come through almost unscathed by "hints." One queer thing about them all, or at any rate the vast majority, is that not only do these women-men don male attire, but they aren't really happy unless they are using a gun. Not being normal women they had to be soldiers. In fact, they had to be more male than men, and this includes bad language. Most of them are queer without being very attractive. And another curious fact emerges from this mingling of two sexes in one person. Among men it often leads to genius, or, at any rate, to an extreme brilliance of intellect, even to charm. Among the female prototypes, however, it seems to lead nowhere beyond swashbuckling. Mademoiselle Maupin is the most brilliant of the series in Mr. Gilbert's book, because, of course, Christina of Sweden had the advantage of being born "royal," which gave her a good start. But Mademoiselle Maupin became an actress and an operatic star, while at the same time her life was one long list of adventures. Besides, on even the quietest, most uneventful day, her fiendish temper could be relied upon to create a rumpus. Most of them seem to have died in extreme poverty, but none of them lacked "lovers." As "heroes" they are not very attractive, but this collection of *historiettes* written around some of the more notorious makes quite an entertaining book to read, even though it deals only with "out'ards" when "in'ards," are a more interesting psychological study in such cases. But "in'ards," of course, would bring us to hints, and that would never do. Mr. Gilbert treats these strange women at only their—shall I say?—"breaches" value. Nevertheless, he has written a readable book.

Mostly Ponies.

In "Ponies and Women" (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.), Colonel T. P. Melvill, D.S.O., scarcely treats of ladies at all, except for a brief moment when they happen to be either charming, rich, or beautiful. In his book women haven't got a look-in with the ponies. Only here and there do they so much as poke their pretty noses in anywhere, and then only temporarily; never as a semi-

permanent view. On the other hand, ponies are well to the fore, not only poking their noses in, but kicking their heels out on almost every page in the book. Colonel Melvill is, of course, a famous International polo player, and his book is chiefly intended for the delight and interest of men interested in polo. For those others who, perhaps, don't know where to look for the best points of a donkey, the book will have less appeal. Nevertheless, it is very readable, if only because the author talks rather than writes to us about the side of life he loves and knows everything about. I like to listen to a man talking about the job of life which is his, especially when I am not obliged, politeness aforethought, to egg him on to further reminiscences

by would-be intelligent remarks. You don't have to worry about this with a book, thank Heaven! Consequently, although I have never seen a good game of polo in my life, and although I love horses, especially farm horses, (with any horse more elegantly frisky than a farm horse my desire to be friendly is tempered by an eye to its hind legs) the book interested me. A book which covers geographically so wide a field, and embraces service in India, experiences in the War and tours in America, Australia, and elsewhere, could not be dull, especially if the author has no special prejudice he wishes to drive home, but on the other hand a number of enthusiasms and sense of humour enough to keep the subject always bright. Incidentally, he speaks a good word for the cavalry during the Great War, and his account of how the lack of this least recorded branch of any modern army nevertheless saved for the Allies a super-critical situation deserves to be better known. "Nothing but a miracle saved the Allies that day," he writes. "Had the Germans been able to produce two cavalry divisions at that moment nothing could possibly have prevented them from taking Amiens, a

wedge would have been driven between the French and British armies, and it would have been only a question of days before Boulogne and Calais, to say nothing of Paris, had fallen, and the War would have been lost. Never in history has there been a better example of the necessity of cavalry in an attacking force." Incidentally, Germany, especially Cologne, after the Armistice, must have been a queer country indeed. The Allied armies stationed on German territory seem to have had the hectic time of their lives. And one story I rather like. It is this: "In a lovely house in Marienburg, a staff officer lived with his irrepressible Cockney soldier servant. The owner, a very stately Prussian lady, who looked as if she had swallowed a poker, suddenly to her horror discovered the servant tobogganing down her gorgeous staircase. In her wrath she rebuked him, to which he replied, 'Yer should 'a won the War, then you could 'a slid dahn over stairs.'"



"YOU RANG, SIR?"



"NO VAIN DESIRE OF UNKNOWN THINGS SHALL VEX YOU THERE . . . BUT IN THAT LOVELY LAND AND STILL, YOU MAY REMEMBER WHAT YOU WILL AND WHAT YOU WILL FORGET"



A HOLIDAY TASK FOR MISS JEAN COLIN

Anxious to escape temporarily from the hurly-burly of London, Miss Jean Colin, the engaging young actress, decided that the peace she was in search of rested with a caravan in Surrey. These pictures suggest that she guessed right. Taking with her a boon companion she found the perfect spot in the neighbourhood of Box Hill, and spent such a blissful holiday that she is determined to repeat her experience of the simple life. And who can say fairer than that?



"HOW'S THE RHUBARB GETTING 'ON?'"

THIS FREEDOM

Where Miss Jean Colin's Caravan has Rested: an Idyllic Scene in Surrey



AT THE ALL-IRELAND POLO CLUB

Vyvyan Poole

The All-Ireland Polo Club commenced practice games last week on the Nine Acres in the Phoenix Park, Dublin. In this scratch side, left to right, are: Mr. W. McGee, Mr. A. G. Ormsby, Mr. D. Malone, and Mr. R. H. Usher

AS if it, or he, perhaps it should be said, for I made some designedly rude remarks about Jupiter, meant to take the words out of my mouth, the weather dried up sufficiently to make polo of a sort possible in London just after the last contribution to this paper was tightly tucked away in the printer's pouch. It was just, and only just, possible on the No. 4 ground at that beautiful spot, Ranelagh, which, having four full-sized pitches as against only two at Hurlingham and three at Roehampton, is in a better position to stand having a ground cut to ribands than its two rivals. Worcester Park, being now non-existent as a reserve for Hurlingham, we are restricted to nine grounds in the immediate vicinity of London, and though at the moment this may be quite enough, under ordinary circumstances it is not so. The closest up reserves are Gunnersbury and Stoke D'Abernon, that well-run club not far from Cobham but a bit outside the "hacking on" limit and entailing either boxing or motor-boxes. It is even now quite unsafe to join the army of the weather prophets, because we never know from one day to another what may be coming to us. It rained hard again on the Monday after the first games at Ranelagh on the Saturday.

It is our privilege, of course, to grouse at our fickle climate, but as someone writing to me from the West Country last "Fall" said very truly when upbraiding me for cussing our weather, we forget that rain also falls on Long Island, and that the international matches have ere now been handicapped very badly by it. California and Miami are a long way from New York, and so are off the map as reserves at the height of their serious polo season, and only of great value as places where polo can be played in winter, when the more northern part of the States is only possible for sleighing or skiing or skating. America, as a matter of solid fact, has no such polo outfit as the one we have at the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club with its eleven grounds, and several of them admitted to be the best in the world by such good judges as Captain Pat Roark and Mr. Laddie Sanford, who, naturally, have every right to talk. It is claimed for these Beaufort grounds that there are very few days throughout the winter, excepting, of course, during a hard frost, when play would not be possible—if, of course, everyone who usually plays polo were not so busy fox-hunting—and the rapidity with which they dry must be seen to be believed. This is what I am told. I do not speak of my own knowledge, because I have not been there often enough, and could not therefore say how they would stand up to an inch downpour. Half that would do our London grounds in for about a week, possibly more. During the deplorable summer of 1931, and in the whole course of the long season they had, April to September inclusive, play on these Beaufort grounds was only cancelled on six days. This seems to me to be a good enough certificate, for we had nothing like that luck in London. I know that my information is correct, as it comes from a very "sure hand," who in the further course of his interesting remarks said: "Bert Cox (the joint M.F.H. of

been collected and played during the preceding summer, to the Beaufort Club to be kept in work, schooled, and further conditioned during the winter under some expert fellows like Captain Maurice Kingscote and Mr. Thomasson—and I add off my own bat Major Tommy Longworth—and the team and reserves plus any willing "sparring partners" assembled three days a week to get on with the business of fitting people to ponies—one of the most important and often most difficult parts of the job. I gather that our friends would agree that after this winter training the sooner the ponies and the team were landed in the actual theatre of war the better? The effects of a sea-voyage on a human being however bad a sailor he may be, wear off far more quickly than they do where a horse is concerned. A horse cannot be sick—these are horrid details—and for that reason he feels sea-sickness far more than we do. There is this further to it that before a horse is shipped he has got to be let down and prepared for the ball which it is prudent to give him. It does not necessarily take any of the hard condition off him, and the arrangements aboard the *Minnetonka* class of vessel are so good these days that, unless the sea is super bad, he can be given daily exercise, and even ridden!

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POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

the Beaufort and the great benefactor of the B.H.P.C.) has always thought with you, that two of our principal difficulties in contending for that International Cup are climate and lack of grounds. The Beaufort Club is his effort to overcome this." And I say a magnificent effort too.

What they think down in that part of the world—and it is only an hour-and-a-half by train from London—is that we ought to be able, thanks to the Beaufort Club, to train an International team in England if we set our minds to it, and anyone and everyone concerned makes up his mind to chuck or curtail his fox-hunting activities for the one season preceding the year of battle. They do not think that we should gamble on sending a team to Cannes during the winter because, as people who go there to play say, you may get held up for a fortnight on end by winter wet weather, and also it cocks on such a big item to the expenses bill. Their idea in the West is that it would be quite possible, and a very wise thing, to send the stud of International ponies, which of course would have



Vyvyan Poole

CAPTAIN "RAGS" HORNSBY AT THE ALL-IRELAND POLO CLUB

Captain Hornsby at the Nine Acres ground in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, where the All-Ireland Polo Club is. Captain Hornsby has retired from the Joint Mastership of the Meath Hounds, and is thinking of forming a private pack to hunt the northern part of the Meath country. Mr. Luke Lillingstone, late Scots Greys, is joining Mrs. Connell in the Joint Mastership of the Meath next season

Modern Decorations



MISS CORAL PINCKARD

Yevonde

A new and pleasing portrait of Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard's pretty elder daughter, whose engagement to the Hon. John Leslie was announced in March. Her fiancé is the younger son of the late Earl of Rothes and of Noel Countess of Rothes, who is now Mrs. Claud Macfie

Most attractive to look at and very good company indeed, Lady Bridgett Poulett features with outstanding success at every social gathering worth chronicling. As a result, Lord Poulett's only sister is constantly the subject of gossip paragraphists' panegyrics. Such is the price of popularity!

Mrs. Peter Thursby, who also decorates this page, can always be depended upon to do the camera credit, and her dress sense is exceptional. She has lately been visiting Ireland, where she has quantities of friends. Mrs. Thursby was Miss Poppy Baring before her marriage



MRS. PETER THURSBY

Yevonde



LADY BRIDGETT POULETT

Lenape



MLLE. JANINE VOISIN

The beautiful daughter of the well-known automobile constructor, who has made her début on the screen, where she has been noticed for her beauty and chic. Antoine has specially designed this coiffure for her "blond cendré" hair that is such a contrast with her dark eyes and olive complexion

TRÈS CHER,—I have been sitting before this blank page, pen in hand, for ages. I feel that it is almost beyond me to write this letter. In several days' time, when you read this, the crime that numbs me with horror will be already a part of the world's history—and no less terrible for that; but just now I can only remember that, an hour ago, a very kindly and very noble old man was struck down by an assassin while he was in the very act of attending a charitable function in aid of the wounded writers (*Ecrivains combattants*) of the Great War. . . . It seems incredible. There is nothing one can say. All these little, futile words can convey nothing of the deep, inward revolt and pity that one feels.

This week the Comédie Française gave, *en répétition générale*, a remarkable performance of the "tragical historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark." One of the interesting points of this production lies in the fact that, though this French prose translation, by Eugène Morand and Marcel Schwob—which is a most exact and pregnant piece of work—was played as long ago as in 1899 by Sarah Bernhardt, it has never yet been given at the Comédie, where, till now, the more bombastic version, in verse, by Dumas and Meurice, was in favour. Also, instead of the flamboyant Renaissance stage-settings to which one was accustomed, this performance was given in the new and somewhat sombre, but very simple and yet picturesque, scenery designed by André Boll, which was, in my humble opinion, more in keeping with the atmosphere of the unpretentious Danish Court of the period.

M. Jean Yonnel's rendering of the rôle of the "moody Dane" was—as one would expect from such a leading member of the Comédie—a polished, interesting, and highly well-intentioned piece of acting, but it left me cold. It was, I think, a little staccato in utterance, a little uncertain in purpose, and certainly his physical appearance was wrong. Tall, emaciated, and sardonic where, if we may believe Montégut, Hamlet—a "child of the North"—was certainly "blond" and "a little stout and easily out of breath"! On the other hand, Madeleine Renaud's conception of the part of that little nit-wit of her times, Ophelia, will remain in my memory as a picture of innocent grace, of virginal and pathetic charm.

Priscilla in Paris

Yesterday I spent a most enjoyable afternoon at the twenty-second annual "Salon des Artistes Décorateurs" at the Grand Salon. Such lovely, lovely "interiors"! Such wonderful fabrics, by Rodier, in silk and wool, and both mingled in the most delicate and intricate patterns. Such gorgeous colourings! Such perfect "ensembles"! And yet I do not really like modern furniture. I have yet to see one isolated "piece" that really enchants me. The secret of the undeniable beauty of a modern interior is that it must consist of a well-combined ensemble. Take, for instance, a dining-room, by Lucien Rollin, that is a beautiful and dignified piece of work, of which the furniture, in Cuban mahogany, shows its simple and lovely lines against a back-ground of pale, lemon-coloured walls hung with decorative panels of modern Aubusson tapestry; the colour-scheme is very dark green, moss green, and the palest yellow. The result, as a whole, is beautiful; but nothing can be added to it and nothing taken away. One dreads to think of such a room when it is broken up; nothing will remain; not one of its component parts seems to me to be worthy of survival.

Miss Evelyn Wyld's conception of a "studio balcony on the 49th floor (why not 48th or 50th?) of a New York skyscraper" shows a couple of insignificant armchairs that are redeemed by the most curious table I have ever seen, made of inch-thick slabs of glass . . . a most refreshing sight on a sultry summer night!

An ensemble that I really enjoyed is M. Paul Brandt's restful *petit hall d'entrée*, with its deep, smoke-grey armchair against a background of pale jade and mirrors and natural wood. He is the son-in-law of the late, deeply regretted eminent engraver, J.-P. Legastellois, of whom is exposed at the Salon (next door, in the same building) a beautiful *Pieta* and some commemorative medals belonging to the "Collection de la Guerre de la Monnaie," amongst which is a very fine head of Lord Kitchener and a no less remarkable one of Clemenceau.

Some perfect specimens of bookbinding are shown by Jean Lambert and Antoinette Pavie, and I particularly like those, done in parchment, by André Ballet. Mlle. Jacqueline Rabaud's work is especially "handsome," but she ought to know more about the books she binds. Mme. Colette will not thank her for having tooled an enormous "Colette Willy" across the de luxe, illustrated copy of "L'Ingénue Libertine." It is long since Colette dropped the notorious half of a name that she has rendered famous.—PRISCILLA.



MR. TURNER LAYTON AND MLLE. LUCIENNE BOYER

Snapped listening to the record of the young singer's great cabaret song-hit, "Parlez-moi d'Amour," that the famous duettists have adapted for their own use. This song is now world-renowned . . . one cannot get away from it . . . but does one want to?



**"RAIMONDA," THE SPECTACULAR BALLET NOW BEING
STAGED IN VIENNA**

This ballet is rated to be the big artistic success of the moment on the Continent, and though not much detail as to the story has yet been vouchsafed to us in England, the theme obviously has something to do with the loves and hates of the noble Red Man. It is doubtful whether the ballet will manage to get a permit for production in its Viennese form in England. It is an extravaganza dealing with Red Indian life, and is held to be the greatest success Vienna has seen recently. The hero of the ballet is a Red Indian brave



THE SPORT



LORD DUNWICH AND MRS. FRANK
CROSSLEY IN CONVERSATION



MR. ANTHONY BARNE, LADY STRADBROKE
AND THE HON. GEORGE ROUS AT FLIXTON

OF THINGS



LORD STRADBROKE, MASTER OF THE
HENHAM HARRIERS, AND MR. PARRY

Supporters of the Henham
Harriers Point-to-Point



AT KEMPTON PARK: LORD GOUGH
TALKING TO MISS NORAH WILMOT



MORE KEMPTONITES: MR. CLAYTON (LEFT),
A. N. OTHER AND LADY MAUREEN STANLEY



MR. AND MRS. RICHARD MARSH WERE
ALSO AT KEMPTON ON "JUBILEE" DAY

One of the last of the Point-to-Point fixtures was that of the Henham Harriers, of which pack Lord Stradbroke has been Master and Huntsman for forty-four seasons. Mr. L. Parry finished third on Miss C. Steward's Princess II in the opening event, and Miss Steward herself rode the winner of the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race, Captain W. G. Carr's Sweet Fizz. Lord Dunwich and the Hon. George Rous are two of Lord and Lady Stradbroke's four sons. Kempton Park, where the remaining snapshots were taken, was looking its best on "Jubilee" day. Miss Norah Wilmot, who is seen talking to Lord Gough, knows all about the education of horses for race-winning purposes, and carries on the training establishment owned by her father, the late Sir Robert Wilmot, at Binfield Grove, Bracknell. Another popular person present at Kempton was Mr. Dick Marsh, who used to train for the King



MR. AND MRS. JOHN DEWAR AND THEIR DELIGHTFUL HOME DOWN IN SUSSEX

MR. JOHN DEWAR AND HIS BRIDE

The marriage of Mr. John Dewar, the popular owner of Cameronian, to Mrs. Kathleen McNeill, took place at St. Columba's, Pont Street, on May 10. Shortly before their wedding Mr. Dewar had a house party at his Sussex residence, The Homestall, near East Grinstead, and it was then that these pictures were taken



THE HOMESTALL, EAST GRINSTEAD

The south aspect of Mr. Dewar's enviable country house, which is both attractive to look at and extra-comfortable to live in. The owner takes a particular interest in his garden, and grows some very fine roses. There is also a rock-garden, largely natural, to which a plashing stream and waterfall contribute further charm



A GROUP IN THE ROCK GARDEN

Mr. and Mrs. Dewar with (left to right), Mrs. McAuley, Mr. Charles McNeill, Miss Barbara McNeill, (Mrs. Dewar's daughter by her first marriage), and Mr. R. A. McAuley. It will be remembered that Mr. Dewar inherited, in 1930, the estates, fortune, and bloodstock of his uncle, the late Lord Dewar, and in the following year had the incomparable satisfaction of winning the Two Thousand and Derby, though the coveted Triple Crown eluded him

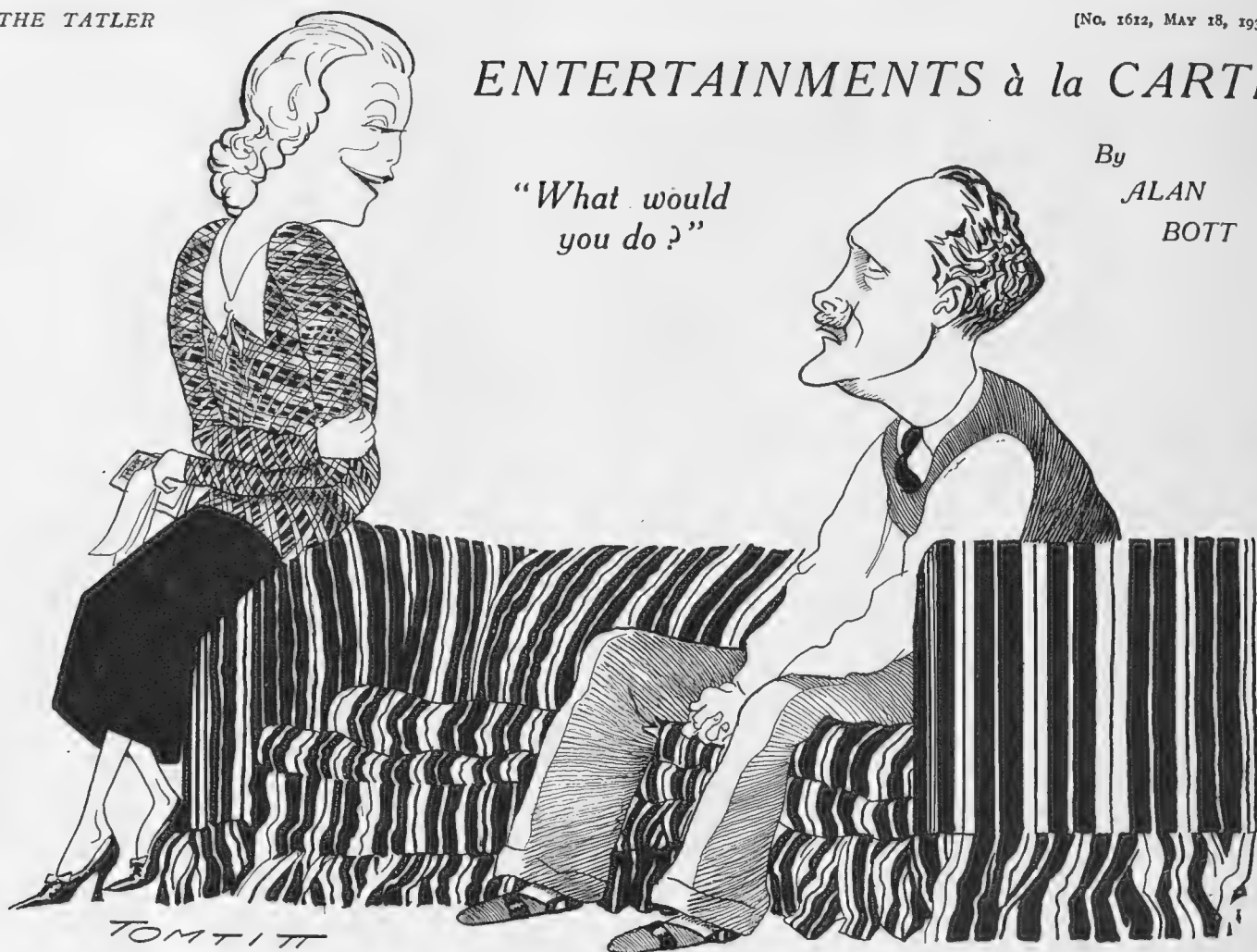


THE BLACK SWANS ARE IN LUCK

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By
ALAN
BOTT

"What would
you do?"



ARE ALL MEN ALIKE?—MADELEINE CARROLL WONDERS WHETHER OWEN NARES IS MERELY A HUSBAND

YOU are fellow-guest in a house party with Sir Herbert Samuel, whose room has the same balcony as your own. Woken up at night by a noise next door, you creep out of your French window, and find that Sir Herbert's

is half-open. Peering inside by moonlight, you discover that an escaped lunatic is aiming a revolver at the sleeping Home Secretary. If you rush forward, you yourself are almost certain to be shot, since the lunatic is facing the window. If you stay quiet, any moment may be Sir Herbert's last. What would you do?

That is the kind of quandary which a London evening paper is daily serving up to its readers, before it prints next afternoon the solution suggested by Mr. James Douglas, Miss Betty Nuthall, and other eminent ones. I imagine that answers to the quandary above would range all the way between a proposal to startle the madman out of his purpose by imitating a cock-crow, and an instant decision to creep back, wait for the shot, hurry down to the billiard-room, and drink a stiff whisky to the toast of "God Bless Winston Churchill!"

A pretty conundrum of the sort is offered half-way through *Pleasure Cruise*.

The door of your state-room on a liner stealthily opens and closes at 2 a.m. A man's feet pad towards you. You do not scream or switch the light on, for you have arranged to receive at this hour a young chartered accountant, who doesn't look like one and who is not concerned with your financial lack of balance. Next morning you come out on deck, write a discreet postcard to your husband in London, and bask in the langourous sunshine, certain that you have learned something of what love and all that can offer. Clearly, the chartered accountant cannot have behaved like one, either.

Your conscience has gone to sleep for the duration of the voyage, and your mind would be happily at rest if, during the night, your platinum cigarette-case had not vanished from under your pillow. The personable young chartered accountant joins you on deck and produces, instead of the cigarette-case, his urgent apologies for not having kept the 2 a.m. appointment. Some buster or other, he says, kept him imprisoned by roping his cabin door-handle to the next one. Who, then, was your unknown visitor? What would you do?



MARDA VANNE AS THE
WOMAN WHO KNOWS
WHAT TO ADVISE



PERCEVAL CLARK AS
A SHIP'S TREASURE
HUNT PEST

Thus the problem given to Madeleine Carroll as central incident in Mr. Austen Allen's comedy. Common sense might suggest that you consider the chartered accountant (whom you suddenly wish never to see again) in terms of the platinum case, since you had never met him before the three weeks' cruise. While he could prove the rope-tying, he might have attached the handles from just inside his cabin doorway. Miss Carroll, though, is not allowed this surmise. The stilled conscience leaps into apprehension, and, ashamed that some platinum-collector on board is laughing at her, she leaves the ship.

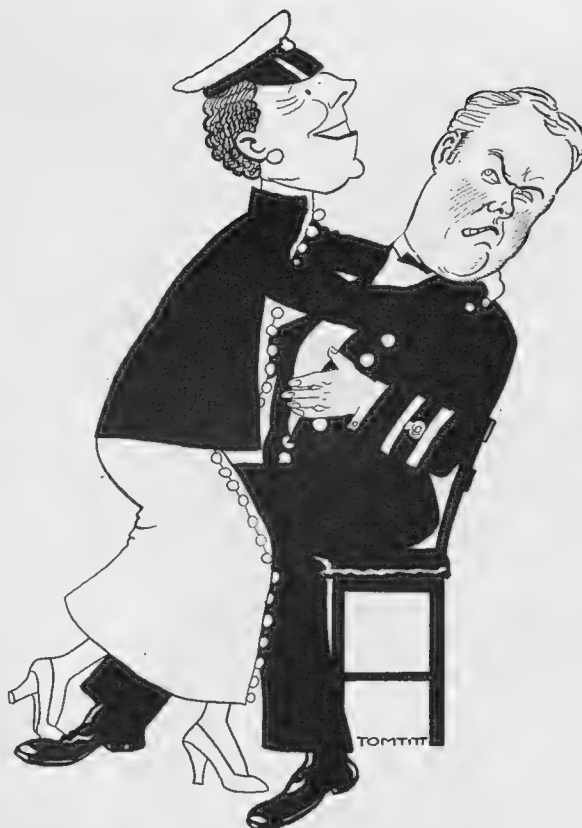
To realise the solution, fade back from this lively second act into a rather pedestrian first. Owen Nares, with a moustache, is married to Madeleine Carroll as one of those good-looking, half-baked little introspectives, peculiar to England, Germany, and the United States, who are forever wondering whether All Men Are Like Their Husbands, and whether Life and Love can react on their complicated selves otherwise than through married satisfactions.

Hence Miss Carroll's pleasure cruise on solus holiday, and hence Mr. Nares, without the moustache, as a steward aboard the S.S. *Nebula*. That he could have dodged his wife for three weeks on a 20,000-ton vessel

is a feat much more difficult to swallow than the wife's immediate belief in the would-be lover's true but fantastic story. Its digestion, however, is well worth while for the slick, rapid humours of this cleverly conceived second act.

The first act would have seemed dull without an attractive variation by Owen Nares of his well-known study of the man who in easy middle age has kept his engagingly boyish mannerisms, to which he brings better, maturer acting than he gave to the pleasant archness of his earlier phase as the intensive young hero with Greek profile always evident. In the third act, dominated by his conquering male-ness during the getting-together at home, Madeleine Carroll has her turn to lift with successful performance what might have been an uneasy passage. The blushing dawn of her realisation that the husband himself was the impudent unknown is done on a plane of rich comedy that promotes laughter instead of impending discomfort.

No longer can the husband with such initiative be regarded as a good sort with whom young girls can be safely trusted. The tiresome yearning after experience is conjured off. Conjugality wins the day, and night. And the thwarted lover, arriving in search of the steward, whom he suspects of being the stealer of platinum and his own lost moment, recognises what has happened when the husband is introduced as such. He has the grace to take back from the husband his earlier tip to the steward. Reginald Gardiner



PURSERS DO CARE: JEAN CADELL
AND FRANK PETTINGELL

plays this part with enough attraction to hold an audience's goodwill in defiance of unsympathetic attitudes.

Jean Cadell, beneath a bright red wig, closely cropped, dances with fine awkwardness an elderly tango at a party on the ship, and with ready gusto sings of the girl with a dark and a rolling eye, whose hair hung down in ringlets; a nice craft, a tidy craft, but one of the rakish kind. I liked Frank, Pettingell's booming purser, and also the friend-of-the-family played by Marda Vanne, who seems to be docketed for this sort of character as inevitably as Dion Boucicault formerly was during the theatre's later Pinero—Henry Arthur Jones and earlier R. C. Carton—Haddon Chambers period.

Was there a pivotal part as the experienced, advisory uncle, or the lover who sighed in vain through fifteen years and was always at hand for confidences? Then managers asked Boucicault to luncheon, and tried to persuade him into it. Is there now something in the way of a cousin who understands, or the nice former mistress who still likes to mother the helpless hero? Then ring up Marda (Fitzroy 1189). She does this sort of thing better than most, but it is a pity that she should be thus doomed

to soft-boiled type; her wife, opposite Nicholas Hannen's husband in *Many Waters*, was a lovely interpretation that should have carried her into an ampler range of characters.

Pleasure Cruise makes happy entertainment for a light, unmoral mood. The promising new dramatists are crowding fast and thick to the footlights. Here is Mr. Austen Allen at the Apollo; and at least three more running plays by men unknown before the nineteen-thirties are admirably worth seeing—Mr. Ronald Mackenzie's *Musical Chairs* at the Criterion, Mr. James Bridie's *Tobias and the Angel* at the Westminster (with Henry Ainley as the finest Archangel ever), and Mr. Harrison Owen's *Dr. Pygmalion* at the Playhouse. I would pick them in that order, but hesitate as to whether *Pleasure Cruise*, as a flippant comedy, should precede or follow the one written by Mr. Owen for Gladys Cooper and Ronald Squire.

Mr. Basil Dean now threatens us with three plays by yet another newcomer, Mr. Philip Johnson, who sits down in Macclesfield and writes reams of smart dialogue, which is said not to fall short of Mr. Noel Coward's own. (Since it was Mr. Dean who first produced Mr. Coward in central London, there may be something in the claim.) Thus, by attracting disciples, do yesterday's Young Masters found to-day's schools of art. The first Philip Johnson effort is to be *Queer Cattle*, at the Haymarket this week. I will tell you a fortnight hence whether he seems likely to carry on the Shaw-Coward sequence of brilliant derivation in play-writing.



REGINALD GARDINER
AS A PLEASURE
CRUISE LOTHARIO



STEWARD NARES
DOESN'T LIKE THE
AMATORY LOOK OF
THINGS

THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



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THE STARTER WHO WAS

By PATRICK



CAUGHT AT THE TOTE

BELLEW



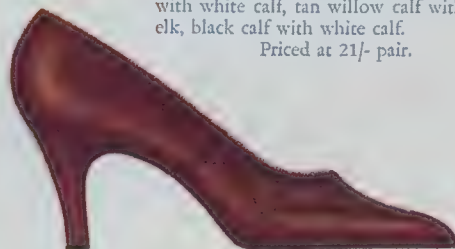
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PRESENTATIONS
OF THE SEASON



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MISS JULIAN BRASSEY



Hay Wrightson

MISS ANNE HOTHAM



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MISS ANNE CLAYTON-EAST



Claude Harris

MISS HELEN PRYOR



Bassano

THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY



Hay Wrightson

MISS KAREN HARRIS



Bassano

THE HON. UNITY MITFORD



Hay Wrightson

MISS ALEXANDRA SEYMOUR

With the exception of Lady Jersey, who is being presented on her marriage by her mother-in-law, Lady Cynthia Slessor, the owners of these charming faces are all débutantes of 1932. The Hon. Margaret Bradbury, Lord and Lady Bradbury's only daughter, made her curtsy to Their Majesties last week, and so did Miss Anne Hotham, who was presented by her sister, Lady Suirdale. Miss Julian Brassey belongs to Sir Leonard and Lady Violet Brassey's family circle. Miss Anne Clayton-East is a sister of Lieut. Sir Robert Clayton-East, R.N., of Hall Place, Maidenhead. Her mother is keenly interested in politics and speaks well. Miss Helen Pryor, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Pryor, goes to Court in June. Sir Austin and Lady Harris' younger daughter, Karen, is to have a dance given for her, on June 2. The Hon. Unity Mitford comes fifth in Lord and Lady Redesdale's family of seven. Miss Alexandra Seymour, a great-niece of the Speaker, Captain the Rt. Hon. E. A. Fitzroy, is being presented by her mother, Mrs. Richard Seymour

A GALLERY FROM THE U.S.A.

MR. AND MRS. EDMUND GOULDING
(MISS MARJORIE MOSS)MR. CECIL BEATON AND MRS.
SAMUEL GOLDWYNMR. AND MRS. PAUL
NETCHER

MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST



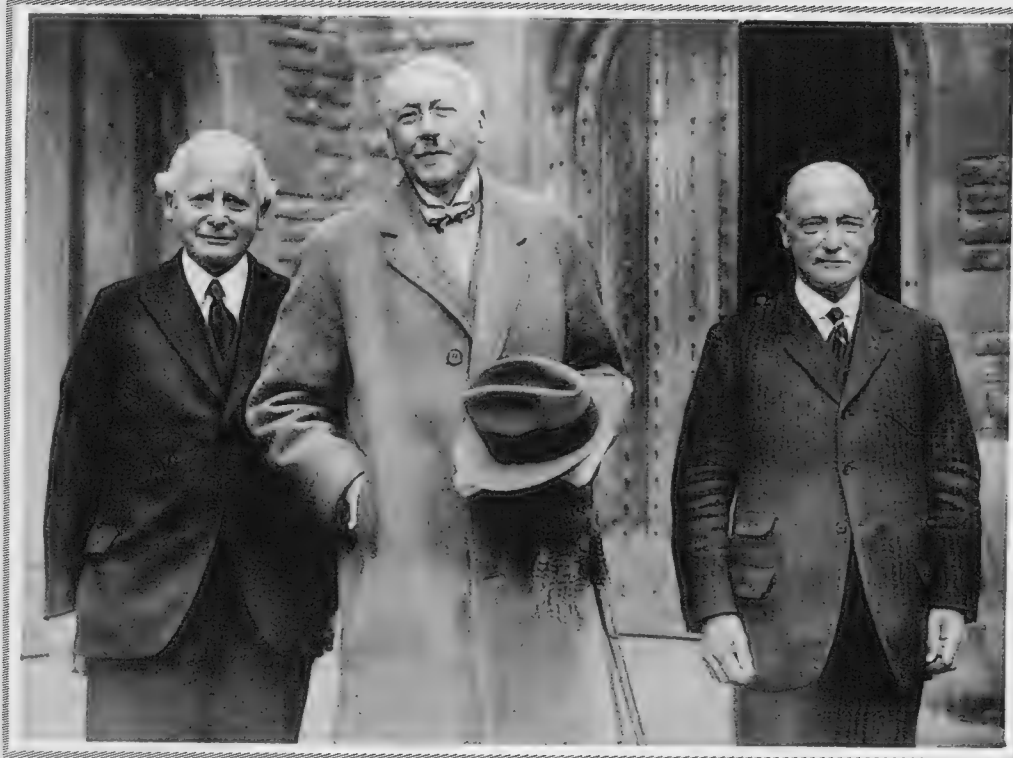
MISS MARION DAVIES, THE FAMOUS FILM STAR



MISS HEDDA HOPPER

With the exception of Mr. W. R. Hearst, the newspaper "baron," who is so fond of the British nation that he comes and lives with us sometimes, the casualties on this page are famous film and stage folk. Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, who is with the photographer, is the wife of someone whose name, in conjunction with Metro and Mayer, spells "films." Mr. Edmund Goulding is an English film director working in America, and he is also an author of many clever short plays. He acted with the late Sir Herbert Tree in many of his productions. Mrs. Edmund Goulding, as Marjorie Moss, is well known as a dancer. Miss Marion Davies is busy doing a picture puzzle. Her own pictures are far too numerous to catalogue. Her real name is Marion Douras. Miss Hedda Hopper is one of the tallest actresses on the screen stage, and that only means about 5 ft. 7 in. She is at the same time rated one of the prettiest and cleverest

AT HOME AND ABROAD



DEFENDERS OF SEA-BIRD LIFE: SIR MICHAEL SADLER, MR. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE AND SIR MONTAGU BURROWS

Mr. de Vere Stacpoole, the world-famous author, ably championed the cause of sea-bird life when he addressed a meeting at Rhodes House, Oxford, in connection with Animal Defence Week. His subject was "Sea Bird Life and the Menace by Oil Pollution." Sir Michael Sadler is Master of University College and Sir Montagu Burrows was Chairman of the meeting

(ON RIGHT) MR. JOHN MASEFIELD—THE POET LAUREATE—Rose-pruning in his garden at Hill Crest, Boars Hill, near Oxford. He is an enthusiastic gardener

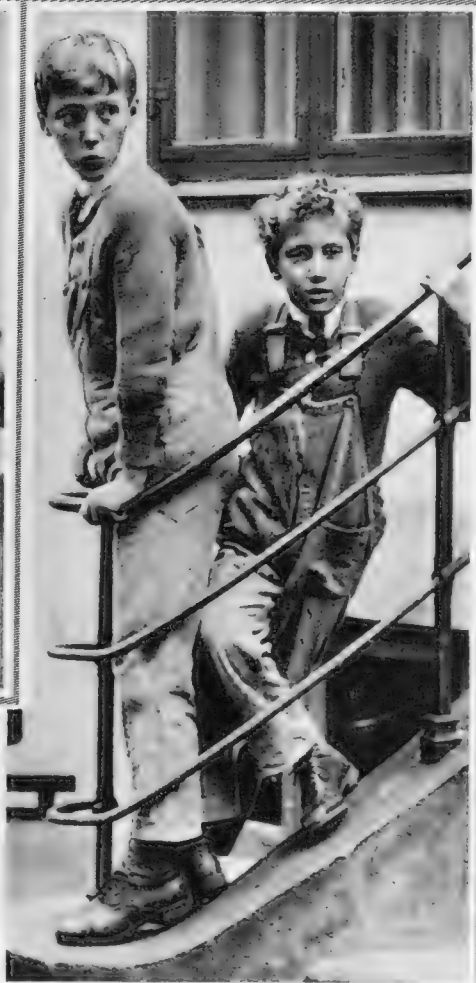


H.R.H. PRINCE AXEL OF DENMARK



H.R.H. PRINCE KNUD OF DENMARK

These three pictures of members of the Royal House of Denmark are all recent. Prince Axel, who is the second son of Prince Waldemar of Denmark, is a sailor and married the Princess Margaret of Sweden, the eldest sister of Princess Astrid, the wife of the Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium. The two sons of Prince and Princess Axel, Prince Flemming and Prince Georg, are very keen on motoring and know quite a lot about it. H.R.H. Prince Knud of Denmark is the second son of H.M. King Christian X, and, like Prince Axel, is a sailor



THE PRINCES FLEMMING AND GEORG OF DENMARK



FRÄULEIN MARIANNE WINKELSTERN IN "CASANOVA"

The beautiful young blonde dancer from the Scala and the Opera House, Berlin, who was the big hit of the original production of "Casanova," is the prima ballerina in the London production at the Coliseum. She will lead in all the big spectacular dances

AN insurance company issued a policy for £500 on the life of a John Smith. For a number of years the premiums were paid promptly, and then suddenly ceased. The company sent a number of reminders, the last of which elicited this reply: "Dear Sir—I'm sorry I can't afford to pay any more instalments for John. He died last January."

The traveller entered the country grocer's shop and was met by an irate shop-keeper.

"You're just the man I've been looking for," said the shop-keeper. "The last time you came round you sold me some goods which you said were British. They weren't British at all."

"Well, to tell you the honest truth," explained the traveller, "they were in stock so long that I thought they were British by naturalisation."

A small boy went to church and sat just in front of the pulpit. The clergyman took as his text, "I shall come down and dwell amongst you."

He had repeated the words several times when, without any warning, the pulpit collapsed. The clergyman rescued the child from the wreckage, and remarked sympathetically, "I'm very sorry. I hope you are not hurt."

"It can't be helped," answered the boy philosophically; "you warned me often enough."

The welfare worker was paying her monthly visit to the prison. Stopping opposite one of the cells, she beckoned to the inmate.

"Well, my man," she said, "I suppose it was poverty that really brought you here?"

The prisoner shrugged his shoulders. "On the contrary, ma'am," he said, "I was simply coining money."

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A doctor was awakened by the telephone bell ringing at 3 a.m. He lifted the receiver with a sigh and asked: "What is it?"

A voice at the other end replied, "Well, you see, doctor, we've been having a big party, and I'm terribly worried about my brother."

"Well, why bother me?" asked the doctor, now thoroughly annoyed. "Is he seeing elephants or something?"

"No; that's just the trouble. The room's full of them, and he can't see any!"

* * *

A wife came in to find her husband and a stranger—afterwards ascertained to be a lawyer—engaged in some mysterious business over the table, upon which were spread several sheets of paper.

"What are you doing with all that paper, Henry?" demanded his wife.

"I am making a wish, dear," replied her husband meekly.

"A wish?"

"Yes, my dear. In your presence I shall not presume to call it a will."

* * *

A man called in his doctor and complained of pains all over him. "Well," said the doctor, "I can't diagnose your complaint on that information, but just take

this paper and wear it under your vest, and when the pains come take a pin and prick the spot. Then I can see where the trouble is and treat you when I come again."

A few days later the doctor called and asked for the paper.

"Oh, I gave it to my wife. Mary, dear, where is that paper I gave you? The doctor wants it."

"You mean that paper with the little holes in it?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I gave it to Betty. She's upstairs." She called up the stairs, "Betty, what did you do with that paper of your father's?"

"The paper with the little holes in it?"

"Yes."

"Oh, that! I put it on the pianola, and it played 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'"



D'Ord, Paris

ANNA MAY WONG—A DOCTOR OF PEKIN UNIVERSITY

The honorary degree of Doctor was conferred upon the famous Chinese film actress "for her services in propagating abroad the beauty, charm and intelligence of the women of China." Who is to say that honorary degrees ever have been more deservedly bestowed?



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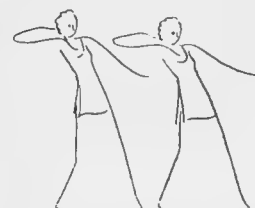
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• Elizabeth Arden's Muscle-Strapping Skin Toning Treatment, with the additional attention which your type of skin requires, is the most effective tonic your face could have. And Oh, the grand luxury of relaxing in a soft chaise longue and letting the world go by!



• Have you ever seen Elizabeth Arden's Exercise Girls execute their rhythmic dances? Their slender hips and tiny waistlines are evidence of the effectiveness of these marvellous exercises. The floor-to-ceiling mirrors in Miss Arden's Exercise Rooms have witnessed many remarkable transformations from obesity to slenderness... from awkwardness to grace



• And now your face and your figure will justify the time and money you have spent in assembling your lovely new wardrobe. How pleasingly cinched-in your waistline is... how slender your hips and arms. Elizabeth Arden is pleased. Aren't you?

PARIS • BERLIN • ROME

Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"

By

SOME of the things that authors compel their heroes, and even their villains, to do:

"Then he gave a noiseless grimace and moved on."

It is not yet known how one can make a noisy grimace.

Even putting your tongue out does not make anything of a bang—at least I have never known it to do it so far!

* * *

Quite apart from all the interesting personal polo history and reminiscences in Colonel "Shabash" Melvill's book, "Ponies and Women" (Jarrolds), which was dealt with from the polo angle in the Polo Notes in *The Tatler* last week, there are so many good yarns about other things about which I expect both his contemporaries and those who have come after him will enjoy reading. One of them refers to a thing that used to be called a Subalterns' Court Martial, a form of tribunal which perhaps still continues to carry on. I think I must say that I hope so, because they were so good for people who wanted reining back on to their hocks, or, in other words, being told exactly where they got off, and also a whole lot of other home truths about themselves. They were sometimes rather brutal, I admit, but I am sure that the "prisoners" were all the better for having been put through them. Of course, some of the disclosures of what happened at some of them caused a bit of a shindy, and either these courts martial have ceased to be since "Labby's" days, or they manage to keep things most extraordinarily quiet. At The Shop they do a bit in the way of giving anyone who does not do as he had oughter, be he "Snooter" or "Senior," a thing called "The Run." The prisoner has to do it with "nodings on," and the ring round which he has to sprint is formed of his fellow G.C.'s, who have a smack at him with their swagger canes. Rather uncomfortable, especially on a cold day; just as bad as having a little swim in the cistern! But how good for the moral fibre!

In "Ponies and Women" the author tells us how he was sentenced by one of these tribunals to "six and a half with a billiard cue. I never felt the six, but the mark of the half is still with me." The charge was: "Thinking himself a Bit of a Dog when he is only a Ruddy Wart"—

and the address from the "bench" before sentence was carried out, "Shabash" says, was absolutely blistering; but he adds that it did him good and that he deserved it. Colonel Melvill writes on this point: "Much has been written and said about Subalterns' Courts-Martial and there have been many *causes célèbres*. I remember Mr. Winston Churchill, as a subaltern in the 4th Hussars, being mixed up in one about his time. *Truth*

used to revel in exposing their horrors, and there is no doubt that, in print, many of the sentences—painting the body, or parts of it, in different colours, and other things intended as a degradation to the unfortunate victim—were impossible to defend. They seemed awful in the grey light of the morning. The nearest approach I personally saw to anything of this sort was when a young New Zealander, who had just joined at Chakrata, was sentenced to dance a Maori war dance on the billiard table, his only costume being a necklace of napkin-rings. These things, I admit, looked bad, and yet, from my own personal experience, I feel convinced that no boy suffered these indignities without having deserved them. They had, as a rule, the desired effect—the getting rid of a dud, or the chastening of a harmless but bumptious prig."

I am sure that this is a very fair statement of the case, and that most of the victims asked for it and were all the better for getting it.

* * *

A rather amusing incident happened during the days when I and many other people were less tame than we now are, and were in the wild and woolly East. There arrived to a

(Continued on p. viii)



H.E. GEN. SIR PHILIP CHETWODE AT THE MONA (PUNJAB) REMOUNT DEPOT

A group taken during the recent visit of inspection of H.E. the Commander-in-Chief in India at the Remount Depot at Mona. In the front row are: Brigadier Scott, Director of Remounts; Mrs. A. H. Mackie; H.E. the Commander-in-Chief; Mrs. R. S. Scott; Captain Mackie, O.C. Depot; and Major Hayworth. General Sir Philip Chetwode, who is a 19th Hussar, has had the Indian command since 1930



OLD "MUSIC HALL," GRAND NATIONAL WINNER 1922, AND MR. AND MRS. HUGH KERSHAW

Music Hall, by Cliftonhall out of Molly, was 9 years old when he won the National of 1922 for Mr. Hugh Kershaw. He started in a field of 32 at 100 to 9, and only five got the course, Drifter being second and Taffyties third. The only others to finish were Sergeant Murphy and Double Escape, both remounted. Music Hall was ridden by L. B. Rees, and practically ever since his great achievement has enjoyed a life of real ease in green pastures—at, of course, the appropriate season of the year; for he is naturally the apple of his owner's eye and has the best that money and affection can give him. Music Hall's and his owner's home is at the Oxfordshire village of Lew

10 YEAR OLD WHISKY AT 12/6



YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT GILBEY'S SPEY ROYAL

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART



AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY AIR SQUADRON DANCE

This dance was held at the Squadron headquarters at Oxford, and, as will be observed, the O.C. decorations did his job particularly well, as he managed to work in a full-sized aeroplane as part of them. Included in the picture, telling off from left to right, are: (Back row) Flight-Lieut. Mellush, Mrs. Mellush, Mr. Shilbeck, Miss O'Brien, Wing-Commander Hill, Mrs. Hill, Miss H. Munro, Miss Morton, Mr. Emmett, Miss Dewhurst, and Mr. Fearnough. (Front row) Mr. Hallam, Miss K. Munro, Mr. Toler, and Miss Sparrow

Overture, 1932.

THIS week all "tracks made good" lead to Heston; for to-day, Wednesday, there is the Household Brigade Club's flying meeting, and on Saturday there is the Cross-Country Air Race. These two are the resounding chords with which the season's aeronautical symphony opens. And both are in the latest manner, the idiom being the duodecuple scale. Or they are reminiscent of the Velodrome scene in the revival now on at the Gate Theatre, vigorous, active and rhythmic. The Household Brigade Club's meeting has a programme which is, without exception, the most interesting I have seen. There is the quick take-off and landing competition between an autogiro, a Pobjoy Klemm and a Redwing; there is the mock combat between the autogiro and a D.H. Moth; there is crazy flying by Captain Baker; and there is a demonstration of new types of aircraft, including some of the most advanced examples of design in both service and civil machines.

Among these machines may be mentioned the Armstrong Whitworth A.W. XVI., a fighter everyone has been waiting to see in action; a Monospar, the Spartan six-seater, the D.H. Fox Moth, the Ford monoplane and, among R.A.F. aircraft, the Bristol Bulldog and the Hawker Hart. No. 601 County of London Squadron, which is Squadron-Leader Nigel Norman's, will fly past in their Westland Wapitis. Altogether the meeting promises to give further proof of the vitality of the club. The club's President is Major-General A. B. E. Cator, and the Chairman Colonel the Viscount Gort, who is now flying at Heston. The organiser and Hon. Secretary ever since the club was formed is Mr. R. L. Preston, of the Coldstream Guards.

Air Entertainments.

Almost every form of entertainment is apt to be condemned in this country, where the Censor shines instead of the sun, on the grounds, apparently, that sorrow is good for the soul. We have had lately an excellent example of the working of the Mind of a Censor, the strange, thwarted, almost pathological pathways along which his thoughts travel. For he has objected to this

film title: "A Woman with a Past." Clearly his modesty is as well developed as that of the maiden Lysidica, of whom Dion the philosopher says that she bathed in her clothes; or of Philotera, who, when she was to enter her bath, "gradually drew back her tunic as the water covered her naked parts; and then, rising by degrees, put it on." The only women popular with our sturdy British censors are those learned ones, well fitted for the battle of business or of scientific endeavour, who, though they have a great future, will never have a past.

Motor-car racing must be included among the entertainments that have come under repressive and censorious influences, though indirectly, and those who run motor-car races now do so very much at their own risk. Air racing, however, has so far gone free. It will not do so indefinitely, for the blighting hands of the law, and of the armies of inspectors and censors and nurses, will one day reach it. It will then have to be so safe as to be impossible. But until that day comes it is worth making the most of that little freedom which remains and in promoting and encouraging air racing.

The Heston Cross-Country event is really a point-to-point air race, and is something entirely new in civil flying. Competitors receive details of the course they are to fly at their starting times, and not before. Only Mr. R. P. G. Denman, the Secretary to the race, knows the course that has been chosen, and only he will know it until the event starts. So that the work of air pilotage, the drawing of track lines, the measurement of distances, the allowances for drift, for variation and deviation, must be done in the actual racing time; whether by calculation or by trial and error it remains for the pilot to decide. In addition to the *Morning Post* Cup and replica, the prizes include a Reid-Sigrist Turn Indicator, a Thornton-Norris Air Log, and a set of A.A. maps.

Entrants.

Considerably more than thirty people have entered for this race, and they include the leading civil and service pilots. At their head is Lieut. G. H. Stainforth, holder of the world's speed record of 407½ miles an hour and generally considered the finest cross-country flyer in the service to-day.

(Continued on p. 14)



IN CHICAGO: THE VICOMTESSE DE SIBOUR

A snapshot taken when she was in that far-famed city with her father, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, who was a merchant in Chicago from 1890 to 1903, when he retired—but only temporarily, for he came back in 1909 and founded Selfridges in Chicago and London. The Vicomtesse de Sibour, as the flying world knows, is one of aviation's keenest supporters

LES SÉLECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT



A woman of refinement adapts her attire to morning, afternoon and evening wear; there should be a change of perfume, too.

In seeking to satisfy this new mode of expression, HOUBIGANT has evolved three new perfumes exquisitely appropriate to the hour: POUR LE MATIN — POUR L'APRÈS-MIDI — POUR LE SOIR.

Arranged in a delightful Coffret, under the title of "LES HEURES CHOISIES" (Chosen Hours), these perfumes, composed of precious and lasting essences, acquire their full virtue after a short period of evaporation.

They happily complete the series "LES SELECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT" which now comprises:

ESSENCE RARE ETUDE FESTIVAL
POUR LE MATIN — POUR L'APRÈS-MIDI POUR LE SOIR

Each of these six distinct perfumes can be obtained separately in standard sizes.

HOUBIGANT

The Casualties.

THE whole of motordom, which nowadays implies a very considerable section of the community, could hardly fail to be disquieted, and even alarmed, by recent events. Hard on the heels of the attempts on the part of Lords Danesfort and Buckmaster very recently to harden the laws that relate to the grosser forms of motoring misdemeanour, come statistics which suggest that although these noblemen rather overdid their protestations, and used very lurid colours in their pictures, their bills are likely to get more support than at first one had ventured to suggest. There is no getting away from the fact that the epithet "appalling"

is not a whit too strong to apply to a highway casualty list of nearly seven thousand people killed, and over two hundred thousand injured in one year. It is obvious enough that the national conscience has reached its limit of toleration in this matter, and that some means will have to be devised for reducing these terrible totals. What shape forthcoming action is to take it is very hard to predict, though it appears pretty

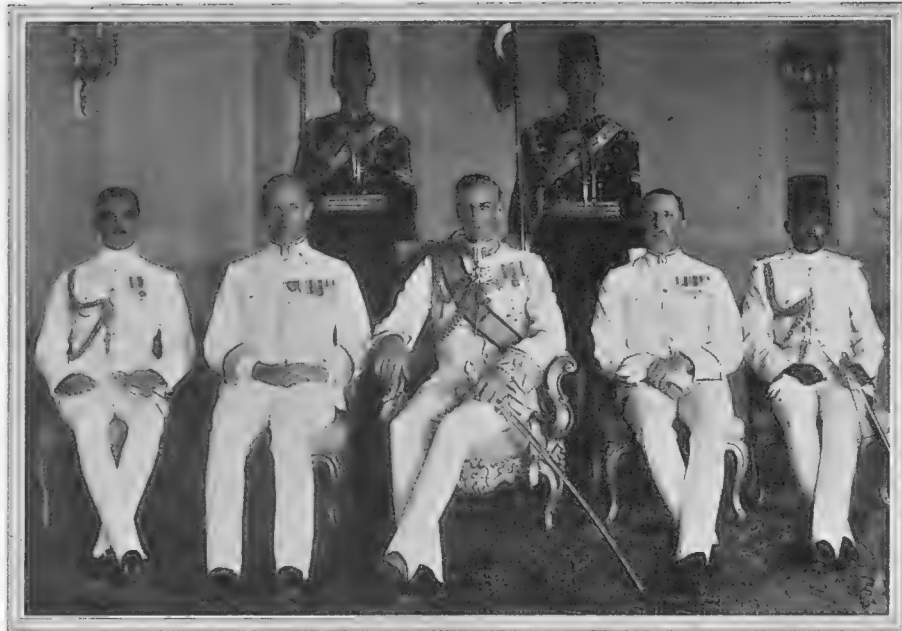
certain that in one way or another it will involve some little encroachment upon our liberties. One crumb of comfort is to be found in the acknowledgment, in the police records, that of the 314 fatalities which occurred in the Metropolitan area in the first three months of this year, no less than 184 were cases of pedestrians behaving carelessly. This at least shows that the motorist is not always to blame; but that all this highway mortality is his fault to a certain extent cannot for a moment be denied. I notice that one leading newspaper in its comments stated that the main difference between walking "to the public danger" and driving ditto, ditto, was that the jay-walker endangered only himself. That monstrous fallacy should be corrected at once. The truth is that jay-walking, jay-cycling, and jay-pram-shoving very frequently lead to crashes in which the really guilty party escapes with impunity and without injury. The driver in endeavouring to avoid them gets himself and others into a mess, as I can testify from what I have myself seen on



Crisp

THE OXFORD SKIPPER

Mr. A. Melville (Michaelhouse, South Africa, and Trinity College, Oxford), who again captains the Varsity XI. He was second in the batting averages last year



Kazanajian

AT THE PALACE, KHARTOUM

H.E. Sir John Maffey, Governor-General of the Sudan, with his personal staff, whose names, left to right, are: Captain G. H. MacCarthy, A.D.C., Mr. M. W. Parr (private secretary), Mr. E. O. Springfield (comptroller), and M. A. Yusef Effendi Hamid El Nil, A.D.C. Sir John Maffey, who has been Governor-General since 1926, was formerly Chief Commissioner of the North-West Frontier Province

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

without running the chance of heavy penalization. Many a time I have heard this attitude openly admitted, with the result that some faces have come perilously near being smartly slapped. So that is another thing that has got to be loudly advertised, namely that third-party cover is not for the benefit of the contributorily negligent. One cause of all this trouble which, I think, is worthy of note, is that all motoring law is largely held in contempt by reason of the scandalous way in which it has traditionally been, and still is, administered. It has been so commonly used as the instrument of a vilely mean money-grubbing persecution as to have lost much of its force. Under proper conditions anyone convicted of dangerous driving would suffer social disgrace, for this is an offence against morality. As it is he feels rather proud of himself, for there is a very well-founded presumption that the dice have been loaded against him; indeed everybody knows that, no matter what the charge may be, a motorist practically never gets a fair hearing. This evil is so deeply established that it will take a lot of eradication, but if greater highway safety is to be achieved it will have to be uprooted. Let the police give up their devotion to trivial infractions of technical laws and concentrate more



Crisp

CAPTAIN OF CAMBRIDGE

Mr. A. G. Hazlerigg (Eton and Trinity), the Cambridge bowler, who succeeds Mr. G. D. Kemp-Welch as skipper. Last year his bowling average was 23.92

(Continued on p. xviii)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



AT THE END OF THE RUN

when the moment arrives to rest and reflect in peace on the glories of the drive,
the fitting hospitality most in tune with the mood of driver and passengers alike is—

AS ALWAYS—HAIG



Matched at Stoke Poges: Miss Joy Winn and her partner, Miss Mary Beard, with their defeated foursomes opponents, Brig.-General A. C. Critchley and Mr. D. B. Anderson. The twenty-first annual Ladies v. Men encounter resulted in a win for the men by eleven matches to six

EVE AT GOLF

By Eleanor E. Helme

LADIES v. MEN, the twenty-first encounter at Stoke Poges—the annual humiliation of the ladies—shall be dealt with in a minute. First of all, we must get things straight about the county championships of the last week, and also the county championship; though so far as the last goes, by the time that the written word has become the printed one, something drastic must have happened in the South-east, where the chief liveliness is at the moment, and either Kent or Surrey will know themselves winners of the sub-division.

It is amazing how quickly the complexion can change. When unbeaten Surrey, mightily reinforced by Miss Wethered, went down to Littlestone, quite an unbiased and cautious on-looker might well have risked fairly heavy odds on Surrey. Kent, however, not caring a fig for such things, laid about them so stoutly that they beat Surrey—4 to 3. Whereupon, frantic adding up of individual points, by which any tie will be decided this year, and the disturbing (I speak as a Surreyite) discovery that Kent had taken two less individual beatings than Surrey, with one more match played. Even the glorious and exhilarating air of Littlestone could not make that a cheering thought for the visitors. Yet they had some consolation. Miss Wethered was really back amongst them, and she had played the most glorious and convincing golf, giving Miss Morgan as little chance to produce her best game as she might have done had it been locked up in a drawer of which Miss Wethered held the key.

Miss Wethered was truly cruel and impressive, and everything else which Great Britain relies on her being against U.S.A., and above all she putted quite perfectly. Miss Morgan, after initial nervousness and consequent loss of an irretrievable number of holes, stood up to the punishment bravely; by the end of the match she was holing long putts of her own. But they were only for the half; Miss Wethered had locked up that best game until she was safe from any pursuit. But only Miss Gourlay and Miss Bailey supported her with wins, and so that was that, 4 to 3 for Kent.

Stung to the quick, Surrey vented their feelings on Middlesex two days later, scoring a grand slam against them, though there was some very close in-fighting, and even Miss Wethered, owing to a temporary disagreement with her putter, could not beat Mrs. John Fleming by more than 4 and 3. Whereupon, behold Surrey on their bended knees begging Middlesex to beat Kent two days later again, or at least to take as many matches off

them as possible. Middlesex did their best; with the merest touch of luck 4 to 3 might have rewarded them, but actually Kent got home 5 to 2, though Miss Pim and Miss Lewin scored for Middlesex. There, in the best serial manner, we must leave them, with Kent and Surrey locked in a deadly embrace, falling over the precipice, or however else you like to describe their frightful struggle.

In Dorset the South-western champion, Miss Mary Beard, followed Miss Morgan into the 1932 limbo of champions-who-ought-to-have-won-but-didn't, and the title went to Mrs. Morant, who beat Miss Beard on the last green. The Northern champion managed to uphold her prestige more effectively and suitably, for with Miss Elsie Corlett and the holder, Miss Beryl Brown, absent, Miss Jessie Firth was emphatically the right Lancashire champion. Beating Miss Ollier and Mrs. W. H. Wood with her own hands added the right dramatic touch, and Miss Howarth was a good runner-up.

Miss Rudgard seems fated not to win the Yorkshire, for this year, with Miss Wragg not competing, she still could not pull it off but went down in the final on the last green to young Miss Mary Johnson, who was one of the "Girls" until 1930. Miss Johnson is very long and free, with a fine short game, too, and had brilliant figures right through the championship. Moortown was the venue, and that hospitable club, by the way, is giving a welcome next Spring to the "Britannia and Eve" Northern Foursomes, a real treat in store for all competitors.

Mrs. V. G. Davies has got back the Sussex, though young Miss Lake took her to the 19th in the final, Mrs. Gold retains the Bucks, Mrs. Percy regains the Northumberland, Miss Radford the Devon, Miss Watson Williams has won the Gloucester, Miss Sadler the Durham, Miss M. Kerr the Norfolk, Mrs. Skrimshire the Somerset. What a week of business, and that leaves out Camberley Heath's delightful open meeting with its scratch prize for Miss Wethered's 76 (and the only drawback the afternoon downpour), as well as various other pleasant happenings.

A pleasant happening certainly may be attached as the label of the Ladies v. Men, for the sun shone and the greens
(Continued on p. iv)



Well over the water: Mrs. R. O. Porter, Mr. R. H. Oppenheimer, and Mr. E. Martin-Smith making for the third green at Stoke Poges. Mrs. Porter's foursomes partner was Mrs. Fleming. In the singles of the Ladies v. Men match Miss Wanda Morgan, receiving a half, beat Mr. Martin-Smith 5 and 4



Specially drawn by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

Famous Beauties in Repose Madame Pompadour

THE name of La Pompadour conjures up pictures of that gay and glittering court where she held sway by the power of her beauty and her dominating personality. That ceaseless round of pleasure would have taken toll of her beauty if it had not been for the fact that she enjoyed the good health that followed nights of sound refreshing sleep.

To-day it is much more difficult to make sure of enjoying sound sleep every night when nerves are frayed and overstrained by present-day conditions of life and work.

That is why "Ovaltine" is relied upon to such a large and ever-increasing extent as a "night-cap." This delicious beverage stands supreme as the most certain way of soothing and calming the nerves so that refreshing sleep may quickly follow.

"Ovaltine" is made by a scientific process from specially prepared malt extract, fresh liquid milk, and new-laid eggs from our own and selected farms.

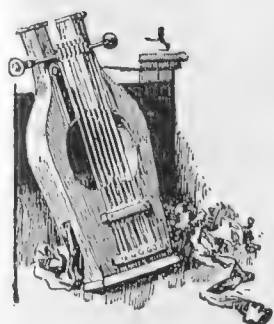
Take a cup of "Ovaltine" every night at bedtime. You will sleep soundly and wake with renewed strength and vitality. During the hours of sleep the rich nourishment "Ovaltine" contains will quickly pass to the worn tissues—healing and restoring.

Remember, there is only one "Ovaltine"—there is nothing to equal it and nothing "just as good."

OVALTINE

Ensures Sound, Natural Sleep

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3



THE END OF A CHAPTER

By HOLLOWAY HORN

THE Blue Rose Club is generally supposed to be at its brilliant best round about two o'clock in the morning, but Mary Lutrell strove in vain to hide her yawn.

"Sorry," she apologized to the man with her.

"Am I so dull?" he asked.

"Don't be idiotic! I'm tired, that's all. These places usually do get on my nerves, anyway."

"Then we will go home," Lynn Dorell said. "You won't forget to-morrow evening at my flat—this evening rather?"

"No, I shan't forget. Nor will you forget, I hope, that it is for the last time, Lynn?"

He nodded and went on with a queer, twisted smile: "I will make all your letters up into a neat little parcel, tie it with blue ribbon, and give you them back. It would not be wise to leave them even with me. Or, if you prefer it, we will burn them."

"I had no idea that you had kept them!" she said, and there was a sudden sharpness in her voice.

"Why not? You write a most amusing letter. I always keep amusing letters!"

"And I must give you back the key of your flat," she said in a more even tone. "I came on it the other day and meant to send it to you then."

"Keep it!" he urged. "You may find it useful again one day."

She smiled, but shook her head.

There were many, that night at the Blue Rose, who glanced towards Dorell's table. A week before, Mary Lutrell's engagement to Lord Rearston had been announced, and the marriage was scheduled for early in the following month. And yet there she was—yawning, it was true—at two o'clock in the morning, just as if there were no such person as my Lord Rearston. There were other equally interesting couples at the Blue Rose, but Mary Lutrell was a personality, a name. For ten years past she had been a brilliant young actress. Actually she was thirty-two, which is a charming age, although it is—unfortunately—thirty-two. She was still a recognized beauty; and Lord Rearston, although a little pompous and strait-laced, was just about the best catch in London. The wedding was generally regarded as a suitable end to a very successful career.

Many eyes followed them as they went out; here and there eyebrows were raised. His car was waiting, and presently he dropped her at her door.

"Au 'voir," he said, and left her with the disturbing memory of that twisted smile of his.

Afterwards, alone in her flat, Mary Lutrell was thinking of what he had said about her letters; in spite of herself, it worried her. After all, she knew very little about Lynn Dorell; the vague mystery behind him, which had been part of his fascination in the early days of their friendship, was suddenly sinister. He was obviously wealthy, but she had no idea where his money came from. And once, as she knew, he had been poor. He had been all over the world, and had told her many stories of queer people he had met.

Angrily she brushed her fears on one side; it was absurd to imagine that a threat had lurked behind his casual, flippant words. To-morrow he would give her the letters back; they might burn them as he had suggested . . . it would all end in smoke.

The episode was ended; of that she was positive. She had seen very little of him recently and had been rather surprised when he suggested the supper at the Blue Rose. Six months before it had been a different story, but much had happened in six months, and in a week or so she was to be Lady Rearston. A chapter that must be closed, was her way of summing up the affair, but in spite of her easy assurance sleep came reluctantly to her. Why had he mentioned the letters? Why had he kept them?

At five o'clock that afternoon, in accord with her promise, she walked over to Dorell's flat. The lift was in use and the vestibule deserted; no one saw her as she went up by the stairs to the third floor. She rang the bell and waited, but there was no answer. Usually Dorell himself had replied when he had been expecting her; his servant was never in evidence on those occasions. She rang again with the same result.

A frown settled on her face. She wanted to see Dorell, if only to settle beyond all doubt the stupid question of those letters. She glanced up and down the corridor before she opened her bag and used the key which she meant to return to him that day.

Inside the flat everything was strangely quiet; she could hear the solemn ticking of the clock at the far end of the hall. She crossed to the living-room; it was deserted. She paused at the door of the lounge with a sudden feeling of nervousness and glanced over her shoulder half expecting to find someone watching her. With an impatient gesture she shook off the feeling. After all, she had been there dozens of times before. She turned the handle and found that the door was locked.

The whole affair was curious. Dorell had been anxious for her to come and yet there was no sign of him; never before had she known a door in the flat to be locked. As if to add to the mystery she saw the key on the carpet at her feet.

She hesitated, but, in the end, unlocked the door. The curtains were drawn and it was too dark for her to see anything in the room. As she switched on the light, she saw, with a gasp of amazement, that Dorell was lying on a chesterfield in the window. His face was turned away from her.

"Lynn!" she cried with a sharpness that told of the sudden, overwhelming fear that clutched her, but there was no reply. Desperately she strove for self-control. There was a dreadful immobility in Dorell that had no part in sleep. She shuddered as she touched his forehead. He was dead. And then she saw the great dark stain on the chesterfield behind him.

She stared around her like a trapped animal. Her dominant idea was to get away. No one had seen her enter. At all costs her name mustn't be linked with the ghastly business. But somewhere, in that room, were her letters. He had told her that they were not destroyed. A cold clearness settled on her brain; she must get the letters and go. If the police found them, it would mean endless questions. And they *would* find them if she left them there. It would get into the papers.

She noticed a small, pearl-handled revolver lying on the hearth-rug. On the table was a cocktail shaker and two glasses—both empty. By the side of the shaker she saw a woman's glove—a green kid glove. A sudden feeling of pity surged through her. A woman had killed Lynn Dorell—a woman, desperate and afraid, as the hurriedly-locked door showed. Mary Lutrell picked up the glove. It was distinctive and expensive and, as she knew, might easily be traced to its owner. She slipped it into the grey leather bag she was carrying.

But she had little time for pity; she herself was in a dangerous situation. The big desk by the window was open, and she could see that it had been ransacked. The papers were tossed here and there in disorder. There were innumerable letters tied up in tape, nearly all, she could see, from women. And among them she found her own. Clutching the neatly tied bundle she hurried from the room, with one last glance at the inert figure on the chesterfield. Like that other woman, and perhaps for the same reason, she locked the door of the lounge and tip-toed to the outer door. She opened it an inch and listened. Silence. She glanced out. With a feeling of relief that was almost physical she discovered that the corridor was deserted. Silently she closed the door. With the soft, efficient click of the Yale lock she appreciated, in one awful second, that she was clutching the bundle of letters but that she had left her bag, containing the key of Dorell's flat, in the room with Dorell's body.

The realization, for the moment or so, numbed her faculties. She could not think clearly. In her bag was the key, the green glove, her cards. Desperately she strove to calm herself. There was a letter in the bag, too, that she had received by the afternoon post from her fiancé. They would think that *she* had killed Dorell. In a flash she saw the hideous publicity that must result.

Someone was coming. Before she could think what to do, a young man turned into the corridor from the staircase. He let himself into the opposite flat, and glanced incuriously at Mary Lutrell as he did so. She was still standing facing Dorell's door; to the young man it must have appeared that

Continued on p. xiv



1

OUR 'YOUNGER LONDON' DEPARTMENT

INVITES YOU TO ITS COMING-OUT PARTY



8



2



3



4



5



6



7

NICOLLS

of regent street

1. **BLUE ANGEL**—miraculous Bruyere two-piece in heavy pebbly flannels—the silk of the year—the jacket tied cunningly with petersham ribbon, 9½ gns. 2. **SHOULDER ARMS**—a dashing military costume for summer manoeuvres—ash coloured crash, with a sooty black belt, buttons and scarf, 3 gns. 3. **THE MIRACLE**—Bruyere's greatest! A black wool coat with a wickedly simple line and broad nun's collar of white pique, 7½ gns. 4. **LOOP-THE-LOOP**—this clever, close dress of shantung does wonderful things with a draped belt looped through its yoke slots, 3 gns. 5. **CHARLIE'S MASTERPIECE**—an adorable frock of the new 'off white' that looks as though it was smoothed on with a pallet knife, 6½ gns. 6. **ROYER** steals limelight with its all-the-way round knife-pleated skirt of pique, and wasp-striped cotton jumper, 2½ gns. 7. **OH CIRCE!** A heartlessly lovely tennis frock by that genius Vera Borée. Backless, braided à la grecque, in heavy crepe, 5½ gns. 8. **PLAY BOY** sports Nicoll man-tailored slacks of pique, complete with pleats and the naughtiest St. Tropez triangle of red cotton, striped white, 37/6

We simply had to start it. Here were you—marooned on this insular island, pining for witty cosmopolitan things to wear. And here we were—with our wonderful Nicoll stylists—teeming with ideas from Estoril, Juan and every gay place.

Our very first collection brings the chic of the Riviera right to the heart of Regent Street. Here are promenade coats in the very new 'off white,' cotton jumpers slashed with fisher-boy stripes, dashing slacks of piqué, St. Tropez Triangles in peasants' reds and blues, backless tennis frocks and everything that gives life sparkle. All designed for you brilliant and exacting people of the younger set.

Now listen. We are holding a coming-out party from May 23rd to May 28th complete with mannequins and refreshments. Send us your address or call quickly, and we will gladly give you an invitation card.

H. J. NICOLL & CO., LTD., 114, REGENT STREET, W.1. 'PHONE: REGENT 1951

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

WHITE hats with black dresses are rapidly becoming a uniform; the former are quite small; some are variations of the *béret* and some of the *canoier*. The Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell is wearing a dress that is a study in sophisticated simplicity; it is carried out in white georgette, miniature pin tucks being arranged on the corsage and upper part of the skirt; from the knee downwards there are soft folds, the same idea being repeated on the sleeves. Sculptured folds are present in her sheath or princess frock, which is of shaded midnight blue sequins; they shimmer with every movement

LADY BRECKNOCK is very fond of white, and no wonder, inasmuch as it suits her perfectly. Among her recent acquisitions is an evening dress of dead white satin; it is perfectly plain, moulding her figure; an admirable foil to it is her black evening wrap. A coatee with epaulette sleeves drawn in at the waist is an important feature of a dress worn by Miss Averil Streatfield; it is strewn with tiny floral bouquets, while the skirt is plain. Both sides of the material have been used for Miss Coral Pinckard's evening dress; a diamond design pervades the entire scheme, the neckline being cut in a V

BEACH jewellery, if so it may be called, is made of wool, with a blue and white wool swimmer; tubular wool bracelets are seen in which these colours are echoed. Another conceit is for the bracelets to be held in position with upright chromium-plated metal bands, which are caught with a clasp or else with woollen cords and tassels. There are necklaces en suite. Chromium-plated metal clip-ons are being used to adorn the stems of wool piqué and other flowers. The berry clip is a great favourite and costs only a few pence, and as a consequence is of no interest to the burglar, which is a great advantage



AMONG the rules of present-day simplicity is that trimmings must not disturb the purity of line. This rule is obeyed in the models from Gooch's, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, seen on this page. The picture on the right shows two views of an ensemble the cost of which is 14½ guineas. The skirt is expressed in a black wool fabric; it extends in a point to the base of the V-shaped neckline; the corsage portion is of white crêpe de chine spotted with black, the cross-over cape being lined to match. The ensemble on the left is 11½ guineas; the skirt is of a black wool fabric and the blouse of crêpe de chine

EVERYONE is talking about the little *tailleurs* made of silk marocain and a new fabric that suggests shantung. Margaret Barry, 64, New Bond Street, W.1, has implicit faith in coats of the mess jacket genre; they never look better than with a corselet skirt topped with a white satin or crêpe blouse; sunray pleating down the centre of this accessory introduces a novel note. She is showing many interpretations of the *béret*, companioning them with scarves and neckwear. A novelty is a purse attached to the belt by a chain and is destined to be carried in the patch pocket of the skirt

THERE is no doubt about it that Lillywhite's, Piccadilly, W.1, do understand the needs of the sportswoman. They are at the moment making a feature of perfectly cut princess petticoats for 12s. 11d.; the corsage portion suggests half a diamond tapering towards the base; there is a simulated belt which is responsible for the slimming effect over the hips. There are also brassières; until they have been seen it is not realized the good work that they perform. There are the open mesh sports girdles; they are innocent of bones, are hygienically ventilated, and fasten on one side





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Cyclax
is English
I simply
couldn’t
give it up”



“That’s what a client exclaimed the other day—and I am sure that she was voicing the feeling of every woman in the country who uses my preparations. You see—no ordinary beauty treatment *could* do just what Cyclax does for your skin. First, of course, my Special Lotion frees it utterly of acid waste—drawing the accumulated poisons out overnight while you sleep, so swiftly and thoroughly that *you can see the difference the very first morning*. Then my other six simple preparations—soap, skinfood, complexion milk, cleansing lotion, liquid *non-greasy* powder-base and powder—will daily discipline your skin into looking and *being* its natural best. My specialities are made under my personal supervision at my own laboratories. Because of this you can use them even more happily knowing that in doing so you can keep your conscience as clear as your skin!”

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SUITS AND COATS FOR SPORTS AND COUNTRY WEAR



A DISTINCTIVE VERSION OF THE WRAP COAT

THE day time top coat is invariably straight, although it may vary in material. Surely nothing could be smarter for race meetings or country wear in general than the model above from Kenneth Durward's, Ulster House, Conduit Street, W.1; there are many materials in which it would look well, patterns of which would be sent on application. The tailored suit at the top of the page is carried out in a new blue wool fabric and shows the vogue for the cut-away coat. The tailored suit on the right, which may well be styled classical in character, is made of tweed. There is a decided vogue for neat shepherds' plaids in black and white and blue and white, as well as for bold broken checks and over-checks in subdued and gay colours. As many women prefer double-breasted suits this firm is making a feature of the same; there is the "Regent" model which looks particularly smart carried out in fawn-grey with a green over-check; it is completed with a neat collar and step revers



A TAILORED SUIT WITH CUT-AWAY COAT

THE very latest developments in fashions for the golf enthusiast are always to be seen in Kenneth Durward's salons as well as wet weather top coats, which the inclemencies of the weather are powerless to damage. Their length of life is well-nigh unending

MODELS,
KENNETH
DURWARD



The Vogue of the Short Fur Coat



Here are four examples of the model coats at Revillon's. Top left in the sketch is in Ponyskin (seventeen pounds), top right in Ocelot (thirty pounds): both are extremely attractive for sports or country wear. Bottom left is in Black Caracul and Ermine (fifty pounds) for afternoon wear. Then bottom right is for evening wear in White Ermine with the new puff sleeves (from sixty guineas). Parisian in their inspiration, all these Revillon models are London-made in Regent Street. A selection can be submitted on approval, at prices ranging from eight to eighty-four guineas.



Revillon Frères AUTHENTIC FURS

180 REGENT STREET W1 * PARIS * NEW YORK

Eve at Golf—continued from p. 306

were beautiful (if difficult) and the only drawback, from the ladies' point of view, was that the men were so inhumanly good. That is an old story. Four to 2 on the morning foursomes, $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ on the singles, and only one lady unbeaten throughout the day. That, very rightly, was Miss Wanda Morgan, who came safely to port in the morning with Miss Garnham against Mr. de Montmorency and Mr. Lister Hartley, and got home magnificently against the amateur champion, Mr. Eric Martin-Smith, in the afternoon by 5 and 4. The other foursome winners were Miss Joy Winn and Miss Mary Beard, who turned a deficit of 2 into a 2 and 1 win—this against General Critchley and Mr. D. B. Anderson.

As for the afternoon heroines, in addition to Miss Morgan, they were Miss Gourlay, Miss Pim, and Miss Dorothy Pearson, the first in spite of the devastating experience of coming square to the home hole after being 2 up and 3 to go, and the last in spite of the General holing a couple of chips against her in true Surrey champion style.

As for the men, if a mere lady may dare to praise them, as well as call them hard names Mr. Rex Hartley, and in the morning, Mr. Martin-Smith and Mr. Oppenheimer played grand stuff; so did Mr. Noel Layton, Mr. Cave, and Mr. Cotton in the singles. Their 3's and 4's were altogether fiendish.

There was little enough run on the ball, and a half, taken at the odds, seemed a miserable pittance of strokes. It is all very absurd, of course, but Stoke and the men between them cast some unenviable spell over the ladies, so that their best golf does not thrive there. The men, like Miss Wethered, simply will not let the ladies produce it. All honour to them!

Air Eddies—continued from p. 302

There are then Mr. E. C. T. Edwards, winner of the King's Cup Race last year, who will fly Captain F. E. Guest's Hawker Tomtit, Mr. A. C. M.

Jackaman, Flight-Lieut. Christopher Clarkson, Miss Winifred Spooner, Mr. John Grierson, Lieut.-Colonel Strange, Sir Kenneth Crossley, Lady Bailey, Mr. H. G. Selfridge, jun., Lord Grimthorpe, Miss Sale-Barker, and Miss F. Crossley.

A particularly interesting last-minute entry was made by Lady Apsley. She has entered Captain T. N. Stack to fly the Blackburn Lincock. Lord Apsley was the originator of the idea of the race, and it is the fact that the idea is novel and that it embodies a test of one of the most interesting sides of private flying, air pilotage or finding the way, that has caused it to create such widespread interest and to attract so large and so distinguished a field. Captain Stack is a magnificent cross-country pilot, as his many record-breaking flights testify, and on the face of it he should have a good chance.

I hear that more than one pilot will be making use of the Stainforth cross-country protractor, which is probably the most practical instrument for calculating quickly drift angles and ground and air speeds while actually in the air. Flight-Lieut. Stainforth himself always uses this instrument.

Safety Fast.

The ingenious advertiser who originated the James Joyceian vowel substitution and called it "safety fast," hit upon a profound truth, for to some extent safety does lie in speed. There is little doubt that the vagaries of the weather can best be defeated by the airman who flies fast, and I attribute many of Hawke's successes when he was over here to the high speed of his

machine. On the other hand, if the weather by some mischance does win the day, then the airman in a fast machine is in a much more difficult position than the one in a slow machine.

A forced landing in an aircraft that touches ground at more than 60 m.p.h. is a risky proceeding in the small fields of England, however skillfully it is performed. So that probably manners come before machinery in making flying safe, and Captain Ivor McClure was right when, at the Safety First Congress discussion at Croydon, he emphasized the need of developing good air manners. For good air manners are safe manners, and if they can be instilled into everyone who learns to fly there will be an improvement in the already high safety of civil aviation.



Middlesex make merry: Left to right—Mrs. McNair, Mrs. Bentley (hon. secretary of the county), Miss Dix Perkin, Mrs. J. B. Walker, and Miss Small



Miss Joan Maude

THE DISTINGUISHED YOUNG ACTRESS
NOW APPEARING IN "THE GREEN PACK"
AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE, LONDON

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The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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FALMOUTH (on left). — A delightful ensemble, designed and made by Bradleys, combining plain and check washing silk to match. The sleeveless Frock can be worn with or without the accompanying coatee. In various new colourings. Sizes up to 46 hips.

Frock and coatee - 8½ Gns.

WOODHALL (on right). — A charming Frock of Celes silk, cleverly cut with tucks on skirt. In ivory and a wide range of colours. Sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46.

5½ Gns.

WE PERSIST in making "Bradley" clothes up to our recognised high standard, and have not adopted the easy method of sacrificing quality in order to cut the cost. It's an economy to buy "Quality" clothes.

TRINKET (below, on left). — A very effective Tailor Suit in plain and fancy Hopsack, the coat being trimmed to match the skirt. MADE TO ORDER in various colours, coat linea Silk. 8½ Gns.

URSULA (below, on right). — A distinctive tailored Redingote, designed in soft Tweed and finished with leather belt. MADE TO ORDER, lined Silk to waist. 10 Gns.



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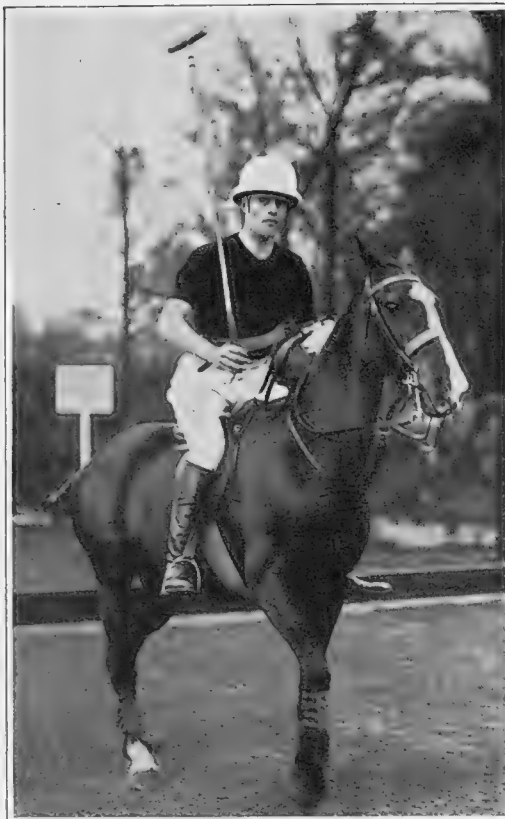
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PARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel

Polo Notes

(Continued from p. 282)

I have always believed that the longer time an animal and a man have in a strange climate before either of them is asked to do anything so strenuous as international sport the better. A human being is easier to deal with than a dumb animal who cannot tell you exactly how the strange food and drink are agreeing with him; and even the most expert vet. and horse-master may not be able to discover in time how things are going. Personally I have known a change of water have an unfortunate effect ere now, and I am not now speaking of a change so drastic as from the water of one country to that of another, but of something more like a difference in location of about 100 miles from the spot at which the animal usually is kept and worked. I am sure that some of my friends of the veterinary faculty will be able to corroborate this. The water may be perfectly good *per se* in both countries, and even in both counties, let us say, but it may upset internal arrangements till the animal has had time to get accustomed to it. I expect some remount officers could tell us an interesting yarn or two about their experiences in the direction of this change of climate, diet, and drink, and it would be very helpful if they would write to me about it. Taking along the fodder is not an insuperable difficulty, but adds naturally to the expense; but you cannot cart along your own water, especially all the way to America. Some horses, like some human beings, shake down under the new conditions of climate and food and drink quicker than others, but the longer time you let them have in which to do it the better. I speak only of the case in which some rather super strain is to be put on the energies. For this and other reasons I believe in giving both the equine and human element as much time as possible to dig their



LORD SOMERTON (BLUES) AT RANELAGH

It was only a sort of blow-through when polo started at Ranelagh, and naturally nothing serious could happen thus early on. Lord Somerton was not in the Blues Regimental team last year. They got as far as the fourth round in the Inter-Regimental when the 4th Hussars knocked them out 9 to 7

digestions in before being asked to take on such a needle battle as international polo.

It is very early yet to speculate about Inter-Regimental polo, for the final of that most interesting contest is not played till July 2, but it is ill news to hear that The Bluejackets will not be amongst the starters. This, of course, is more or less to be expected where a Royal Naval team is concerned, because its units are never all drawn from one ship and therefore stand to be scattered all over the Seven Seas at any moment; and this is just about what has happened to Lord Louis Mountbatten's team which has done so well in London in recent seasons. If this team could have been kept together it is quite on the cards that it would have shaken up the best of the soldier teams on offer at the moment. The Bays look like dominating the situation, for they have shown us that they are a real good team, but I am taking a chance on the 4th Hussars being somewhere in the money, and I am sure The Greys are a coming-on team, and there are also The Gunners who, as we have seen, are quite capable of making hay with the best of the cavalry at any moment. It is all a matter of how the cat jumps with them—same as it is with the Navy. We rarely, if ever, get an R.A. team all from the same battery going for the Inter-Regimental. The soldier, as of yore, is going to show us that he is the back-bone of this game and is going to see us through this bare patch as he has done many a time before. Every season the Inter-Regimental is to me the most interesting tournament of the whole shooting match, and for this very good reason, namely, because the teams do represent concrete organizations, whereas most of those even in the Championship represent collections of highly-skilled performers collected when, where, and how each organizer can.

pope & Bradley
OF OLD BOND ST. LONDON, W. 1.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

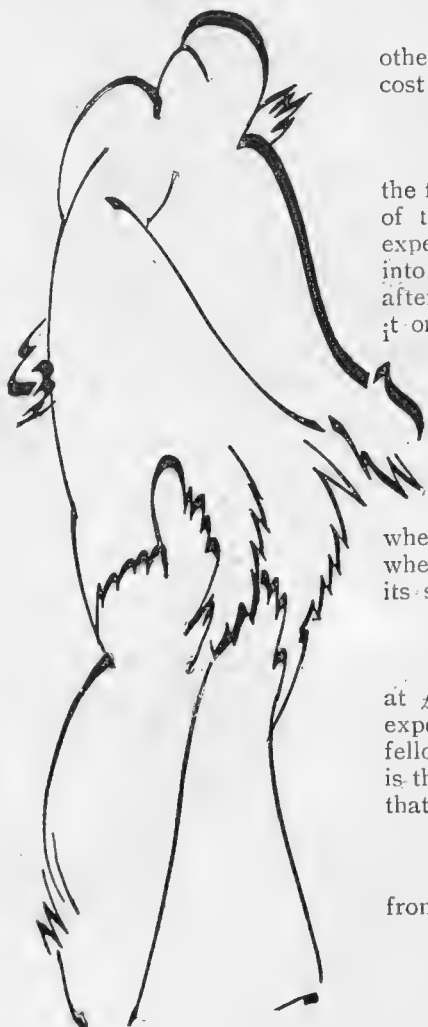
OUR forbears of the Victorian and Edwardian eras were apt, at times, to platitudinise on "money being the root of all evil." But in those days the Income Tax, gently sauntering from 2d. to 9d. in the £, was an irritant that did not unduly blister them; so they were well able to affect a lofty disdain for money. They considered it an indelicate subject to mention; perhaps because they had plenty of it. A surfeit of either flesh or gold is apt to engender vulgarity.

BUT to-day money ranks with intimate gossip and casual relationships as one of the most popular topics of discussion.

ITS scarcity has created a beautiful illusion. It is here to-day and taxed to-morrow. So we realise that "money is the root of all governments"; which platitude, after all, differs only slightly from the older one.

WE are living in an age of peculiar values. That "money talks" is evidenced both in Westminster and Hollywood. Therefore Pope and Bradley, upon whom are dependent one or two hundred good craftsmen, make no apology for discussing money values.

WE are occasionally told that our prices are too high—that one can get good clothes for six or seven guineas—why can't we do a suit for that price? To which we reply at once that our average suit costs us over eight pounds in material, linings and workmanship.



THAT is the actual cost of a suit, and it includes three items alone—no cutting expenses, or other overhead charges. An average dress suit will cost us over eleven pounds for the same three items.

BUT the materials and linings are the best that can be produced; the workmanship is the finest hand-labour. And therein lies the essence of the argument. This hand-labour is extremely expensive, but it is responsible for moulding style into a suit, and for retaining that style for years after a machine-made suit has lost whatever shape it originally possessed.

ONE ten-guinea lounge suit from Pope and Bradley is a far more economical investment than two suits at a lower price. A suit sewn throughout by hand will last three times as long as the machine-made production—and will look perfect throughout its long life, whereas a machined suit looks exactly what it is when new, and rapidly slips from bad to worse in its short and by no means gay career.

THE anomalies of money are amazing. Which is of more value in service—one film star at £2,000 a week, or a couple of hundred or more expert workers employing their craft to adorn their fellow creatures? The consolation of the craftsman is that the life of a finely made suit is longer than that of the ephemeral vision of a fleeting star.

LOUNGE Suits from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fourteen guineas, Dress Suits from fifteen guineas.

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and
11 & 13 Southampton Row, W.C.

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The Best Car in the World

The 40/50H.P. *Phantom II* Continental Touring Saloon is eminently designed for high average speed with the least effort and the greatest quietness. The car submitted to the test had done about 15,000 miles, including three Continental Tours, yet it ran like a new but run-in car, and therein lies the value—the preservation of tune One travels comfortably at all times, and the saloon held the road well, even when braked severely at 70 on a slippery surface. The pedal brakes were what are wanted and necessary for a fast car, being well graded and very powerful, yet with sufficient progressiveness. A light pressure only is required . . . The machine will do about 50, 70 and 90 miles an hour on second, third and top . . . the 30 at the foot of the 1 in 22½ Dashwood Hill was increased to 73 at the top

The Times March 22 1932

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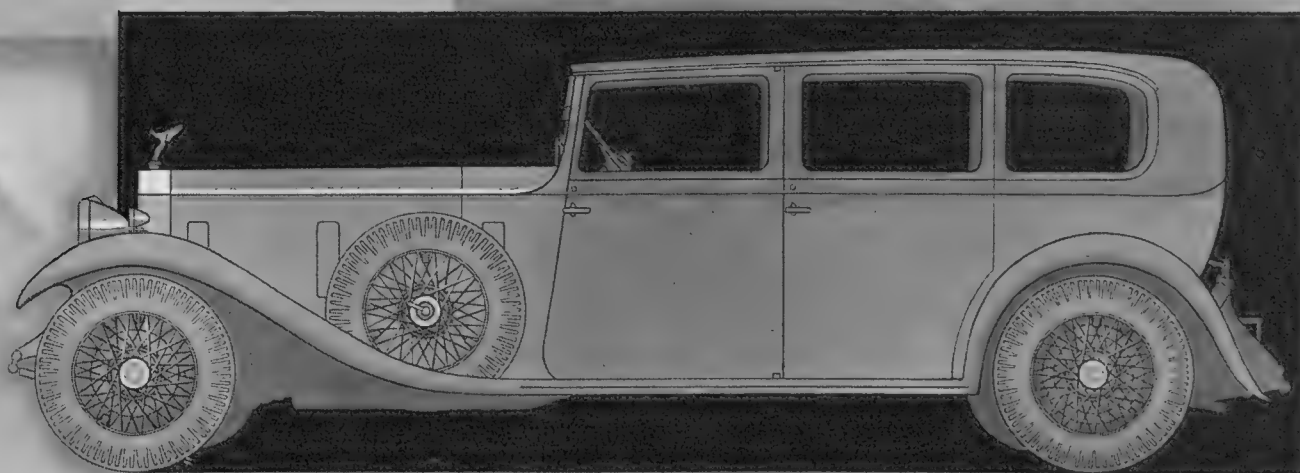


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54, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, London, S.W.1

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 300

certain cavalry regiment a young "gent"—that describes him quite accurately—who had got what was called a direct commission and had come from one of the 'Varsities after being educated what is called "private." He was full of boodle and good clothes, had nice curly hair of the Marcel-wave type, and the only female photographs he had with him were some of his adoring "Mama." The 215th Hussars could not quite make him out first go off, and none of their efforts to make him feel that the regiment was a home from home seemed to be of much use. He was always grousing and mizzling about something, till when it came to his tackling the Mess President about the milk being delivered late for his morning tea they thought that some definite measures were indicated. So what they did was to collect two large white commissariat bullocks—things that stand about seventeen hands—and attach them, one to the head and the other to the foot of the "gent's" bed. A band of experts in hunting noises and other shrewd sounds then got busy. The din simply frightened the hair off the poor old bullocks, who galloped round the "gent's" bedroom at Hunt Cup pace. The result can be left to the imagination. The "gent," who had rather a disturbed night and some bother in disentangling the bullocks, was speechless with indignation. He said that a joke was a joke, "... but commissariat bullocks!" "Bullocks," did you say?" said the Senior Subaltern, in tones of petrified horror. "Now that is *most* unfortunate—I particularly told them to make it 'cows!'"

This crime wave about which we are hearing so much and this craze for competitions in the newspapers seem to suggest a novel and pleasing one, a handsome prize for the Best Essay on "Criminals I Have

Met!" Of course measures would have to be taken to bar anyone introducing the numerous persons who have yet to be hooked, and who stand them cocktails at the We Won't Say Which Bar, who go racing at We Won't Say Where Park, or whose pictures appear under alluring headings like "Society's Bright Brigade," or "Youth and Beauty plus Genius" in "We should be the Last Paper to Tell You"—and further I ain't a-goin' to! Professional sleuths who may have met a criminal of course would have to be barred. My own chance of winning may be but a slender one, for the only notable criminal I have met, whom I knew to be one, was an ex-Continental train robber who dealt almost exclusively in the gold bars which banks sometimes send so confidently in boxes labelled perhaps "perishable," "glass with care," "this side up," etc. He was, I understood, absolutely at the top of his class, and when I was introduced to him had just had a serious business set-back—a stoppage of about seven years (18 months remitted for exemplary politeness to the warders). There was another—a smaller star—a burglar and general practitioner, who was a very great humorist, as his last misfortune was a charge of attempted murder of someone he did not even know to nod to. He explained to Mr. Justice Blank that it was *all* a horrible mistake that "some-think come over" him and he mistook his victim for someone else—a man who had welshed him at a place called "Ally Pally," and would never have laid a finger on him if further he had not been overcome by strong waters and the London fog. But it was of no use. Mr. Justice Blank (himself a bit of a wag as is known) said he quite appreciated the unfortunate position, but that, if people would not take to spectacles—or at least the more becoming and artistic monocle when they should—and then half throttled total strangers and left them for dead propped up against the nearest lamp-post, he really could not help it. Three years hard.



IN LONDON TOWN

Mrs. Violet Hirsch, who goes the round of the meetings, and also owns the champion poodle-dog seen in the picture; Mrs. Ritchie, and Mr. Raymond de Trafford, who was married recently to the Comtesse de Janze, is a brother of Sir Humphrey de Trafford

The Produce of Scotland's Leading Distilleries

contribute to that fineness of Quality which characterises the 'Sovereign' Whisky—

KING GEORGE IV

WORLD-FAMOUS PRODUCT OF THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD., EDINBURGH

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

King George IV Old Scotch Whisky

The Distillers Agency Ltd. Edinburgh

Extra Special

PRODUCED IN SCOTLAND

Try on the pattern!



A man may easily be led into sadness by a tailor's pattern. For, reflecting that he never yet had a suit of this colour, or that one, he decides he will. Although all he has to go by may be a piece of cloth no bigger than a 'bus ticket!

Far better to come to Austin Reed's and see what appeals to you and what doesn't. Far better to try on the blues and the browns and the greys and others, and then to choose. And nothing is sacrificed, for unless you and the fitter are fully satisfied there will be no talk of buying.

Fit? The great thing about the New Tailoring is the subtle variation of size and cut which ensures that the set of the jacket, the hang of the trousers and indeed every detail is perfect.

LOUNGE SUITS
FOR SPRING AND
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NEW PATTERNS

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS IONE (COOCOO) JOHNSTONE

The only daughter of Mr. Arthur Johnstone, Chief Engineer, Indian State Railways, and Mrs. Arthur Johnstone, and granddaughter of Mr. R. H. Johnstone, lately Justice of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Cavan, Ireland. She is shortly returning from India to marry Captain G. D. S. Adami, Royal Engineers, the only son of the brilliant scientist, the late Dr. J. G. Adami, Vice-Chancellor of Liverpool University, and the late Mrs. Adami.

grave are being married very quietly at Hampstead Parish Church on the same day; on the 11th, Captain Rexford Glen Parsons, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, is marrying Miss Lucy Jean Stewart; Mr. A. C. B. Blackburne and Miss Barbara Trew have fixed the 4th for their marriage at St. Mary's, Stoke d'Abernon; and the marriage arranged between Mr. Hubert Edward Buxton and Miss Anne Hawise Colletion Bowring will take place on the 18th.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Alfred Curphey Getley, Colonial Audit Department, the son of the late Mr. Alfred Getley of Shanghai, and Mrs. Getley, Sheen Lane, S.W., and Miss Bertha

Marrying in Berne.

At the end of this month, Dr. Herbert Mauerhofer of Berne, Switzerland, is marrying Miss Beryl (Jimmie) Nelson, the elder daughter of Mr. Frank H. Nelson, and the late Mrs. Florence Nelson of London, and the wedding is to take place in Berne.

Next Month.

On June 2, Mr. Maurice Twisleton-Wyke-man-Fiennes and Miss Sylvia Finlay are being married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street; Mr. M. B. Davy and Miss Norah Bel-

Dewar Cameron, the daughter of the late Mr. Ewen Cameron of Rutherford, West Linton, Peebles-shire, and Mrs. Cameron of 31, Thurloe Square, S.W.; Mr. George Sydney Maurice Lister, the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lister of



MRS. A. G. SCOTT

Whose marriage took place on May 7 to Mr. Archibald Gifford Scott, of the Indian Police, the youngest son of the late Dr. William Gifford Scott and of Mrs. Scott of Lismore, Newton Abbot. Before her marriage she was Miss Kitty Burton-Jones, and is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Burton-Jones, of Douglas House, Maida Hill West, W.

Formby, and Miss Joyce Henning, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. A. Henning of Pekin, North China; Mr. John Meredith Low, R.A.M.C., the

youngest son of Lieut.-Colonel N. Low, R.A.M.C., D.S.O., O.B.E., Millbank, London, and Mrs. Low, and Miss Evelyn Maude Newnham, the only daughter of the late Mr. Arthur H. Newnham, Civil Servant; S. Rhodesia, and Mrs. Newnham, Alum Bay, Isle of Wight; Commander Hugh Dixon, D.S.C., Royal Navy, the youngest son of Mrs. Dixon of Downton House, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, and Miss Isabel Tracey Mudge, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mudge of Lower Blagdon, Paignton; Dr. Francis Bach, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Bach of 35, Rosary Gardens, S.W., and Miss Matine Thompson, the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Thompson, of 94, Portland Place, W.; Captain Vivian Kendall Hodd Channer, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the only son of Lieut. - Colonel G. Kendall Channer, D.S.O., and Mrs. Channer of Northam, North Devon, and Miss Irene Lucy, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lucy of Nairobi, Kenya Colony; Mr. Thomas Angus Lyall Paton, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Paton of Jersey, and Miss Eleanor Joan Delme-Murray, the second daughter of Major and Mrs. Delme-Murray of Bury St. Edmunds.



MISS MARGARET DIXON

Who is engaged to Mr. Percy Guy Illingworth, the second son of the late Right Hon. Percy Holden Illingworth, P.C., and Mrs. Illingworth of 14, Rutland Gate, S.W., is the younger daughter of the late Captain T. S. Dixon of Sydney, Australia, and Mrs. Hargreaves of 2, Chesham Street, S.W.

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Took 14 inches off Hips, 12 inches off Bust;
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"Before the end of last September I had been troubled with indigestion and the blood used to rush into my head and neck. When I went to my doctor he told me I was stout for my height and the blood could not function properly, so he advised me to try to reduce. I am 5 ft. 2 ins.

tall and I started taking your Kruschen Salts at the beginning of last October. I was then 14 stone in weight and am now 10 stone 3 lbs. Before taking Kruschen I was 54 ins. round the hips and am now 40 ins. I was 42 ins. round the bust and am now only 30 ins. I have not starved myself in any way. I never eat white bread and I don't take any sugar. I have very great faith in Kruschen and I can assure you I have told lots of people about them and the wonderful benefit I have received."

2nd April, 1932. Mrs. J. A. K., Yorks.

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Table Tells How Much Women and Girls Should Weigh

Ladies: At Your Height and Age This Table Tells What You should Weigh in lbs. in Indoor Clothes and Shoes.

Age	5 ft.	5-1	5-2	5-3	5-4	5-5	5-6	5-7	5-8	5-9	5-10
26	118	120	122	125	128	131	135	139	143	147	151
28	119	121	123	126	130	133	137	141	145	149	153
30	120	122	124	127	131	134	138	142	146	150	154
32	121	123	125	128	132	136	140	144	148	152	156
34	123	125	127	130	134	138	142	146	150	154	158
36	124	126	128	131	135	139	143	147	151	155	159
38	125	127	130	133	137	141	145	149	153	157	161
40	127	129	132	135	138	142	146	150	154	158	162
42	128	130	133	136	139	143	147	151	155	159	163
44	130	132	135	138	141	145	149	153	157	161	165
46	131	133	136	139	142	146	151	155	159	163	167
48	132	134	137	140	143	147	152	156	160	164	168
50	133	135	138	141	144	148	153	157	162	166	170



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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Owing to the exigencies of going to Press I must defer all mention of our Open Show till next week.

The pug has had a chequered career. He originally arrived in England with William III from Holland and became a political emblem ousting the spaniels of the Stuarts. He flourished greatly till the end of the nineteenth century when he declined in favour, ousted in his turn by poms and pekinese. Now the pendulum is swinging again and pugs are coming back. There is no reason why they should ever have gone. They are delightful little house dogs, intelligent, affectionate, and clean in coat. The Pug Club

is celebrating its jubilee by an Open Show on May 20 at Holy Trinity Hall, Great Portland Street. There are twenty-eight classes and many specials including one for the best pug in the British Isles. All pug admirers should visit this Show. Miss Graham Weall is one of their chief supporters. She writes, "I have a tiny black miniature pug bitch for sale cheaply to a really good house; she's very good indeed and a prize winner, but far too small to breed from. Nearly two years old and house-trained." Miss Graham Weall also, as we know, has a kennel of poodles. She sends a picture of Ch. Nymphaea Swift, taken before he got his full coat. Miss Weall has some of his children for sale; all creams, also some blacks for sale too. Poodles are one of the breeds that are doing well now. In addition she has some bull terrier pups for sale, very promising these and should make winners.



CAIRN TERRIER
The property of Mrs. Douglas Clarke



CH. NYMPHAEA SWIFT
The property of Miss Graham Weall

The cairn terrier shows no sign of diminishing popularity, and no wonder; he is a dog of strong personality, deeply devoted to "the one who matters," but friendly to all, hardy, very intelligent, and small enough to go anywhere, also exceedingly adaptable, suitable either to town or country. One of the best known kennels of cairns is that owned by Mrs. Douglas Clarke. Her dogs are always of the real cairn type, as can be seen by the picture she sends. She has some pups of all ages for sale, including the one in the picture. Her kennels are at Tunbridge Wells, easily accessible from London.

Another breed whose popularity never wavers is the chow; his admirers always remain true to him. He is particularly suitable for towns, where his independent and aloof habits make him no trouble at all; witness the many chows one sees taking lonely walks in the parks in London not interfering with anyone. Lady Faudel-Phillips has had chows all her life; it is an hereditary

taste as her grandmother owned some of the first chows seen in England. She sends a picture of Pastow of Amwell, litter sister to the famous Ch. Peng Tse of Amwell and a big prize winner herself. Lady Faudel-Phillips writes she has some lovely black puppies for sale, two months old, also one or two really good young red bitches, eight months and a year old, and a nice young red dog, sixteen months old, prices moderate.

I have a very experienced, well recommended kennel maid on my books, experienced with many breeds, good worker and walker, either permanent or temporary; also a girl anxious to train; her father is a breaker and she has experience in care of dogs. Will anyone requiring either write to me?

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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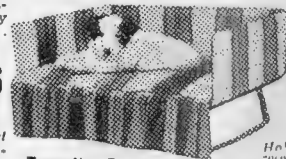
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X-Ray photograph by A. B. Goss, M.S.R.

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The End of a Chapter—continued from p. 308

she had rung the bell and was waiting. It was that which gave her the idea. Gradually her panic subsided; the cold clearness came back to her brain and with it an idea. She would have to act as she had never acted before. A casual observer would have noticed nothing strange in her as she crossed to the lift. She pressed the button and waited calmly until the lift came level. In it was Warren, the hall-porter, whom she knew.

"Miss Luttrell!" he said in surprise.

"Yes. I walked up, Warren. Isn't Mr. Dorell in?"

No one, certainly not a hall-porter, would have guessed that fear was clutching her heart with an ice-cold hand.

"I think so, miss. He told me he was going to be out—that meant that he didn't want to be disturbed."

"He's expecting me, Warren. I've rung the bell, but there's no reply."

"Then he must be out."

"Look here Warren, I'm worried. He was most awfully depressed last night—this morning rather."

"Worried, Miss?"

"Yes. Really worried. Have you a key to the flat?"

"I've got the master-key, Miss, to them all," he said, doubtfully.

"Then I think you'd better have a glance round and make sure that everything's all right."

"I hardly like to do that, Miss."

"I'll be responsible, Warren," she said, calmly. "It may be my silly fancy, but I have a most unpleasant feeling that something is wrong."

"Couldn't do no 'arm, I suppose," he said, less doubtfully. "If 'e isn't in, we can just come out."

"And in any case, I will accept full responsibility. He specially asked me to call this afternoon. Warren, I'm frightened!"

"Then we'll have a look, Miss, if only to relieve your mind."

Together they went down the corridor. The hall-porter produced a bunch of keys and opened the door.

"Anybody in?" he called.

"I'm going to have a look round," she said.

She crossed to the lounge.

"It's locked!" she said to him, over her shoulder.

The room was in darkness, but she went in boldly. She had reached the table by the time Warren had

switched on the light. She remembered exactly where she had left her bag.

"Look!" she cried.

Warren dashed across to Dorell, and in that second she picked it up.

"He's dead!" he said in a queer voice.

"Dead!" she echoed, incredulously.

She, too, crossed to the chesterfield. Once again she touched the cold forehead. "Look!" she cried again, and pointed with a shudder to the dark stain on the chesterfield.

"This is . . . murder!" Warren said in a scared voice. "The door was locked on the outside."

"I'm going!" she gasped. "You'd better ring up the police and the doctor." She put out a hand to steady herself, swayed slightly, and would, apparently, have fallen if Warren had not taken her arm.

"Who did it?" she demanded, in a distracted tone. "He hadn't an enemy in the world."

"Search me, Miss. Look here, you know, you'd better stay."

"No—I daren't, Warren. It would mean ruin if I were mixed up with this. You mustn't mention a word about me!"

She opened her bag and took out a bundle of notes. The hall-porter watched her.

"Of course, I know you 'ad nothing to do with it," he said uneasily as he watched her counting the notes.

"Of course you do. And what good end would be served by my staying?"

The notes were still in her hand.

"You see, Warren, I'm marrying Lord Rearston next month. This business . . ." Her distraction was perfectly done.

"I understand, Miss. Look 'ere! You've been through enough as it is. You clear out. I'll ring up the police and your name needn't appear. He was a wrong 'un, anyway, poor devil. What you said about not having an enemy was bunk; if you will excuse me. You don't know as much about him as I do. You're well out of it, Miss."

"A wrong 'un? Surely, Warren, you can't know what you're saying?"

"Anyway, 'e's dead now, Miss, and it's no use talking. Go on; you clear out."

She turned away, leaving the bundle of notes on the table just where her bag had been.



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A DÉBUTANTE: MISS MONICA PARSONS

A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Parsons of Ewell, Surrey, who was presented last week on May 12. Miss Parsons is a granddaughter of the late Sir Francis Burnand, the famous editor of "Punch"

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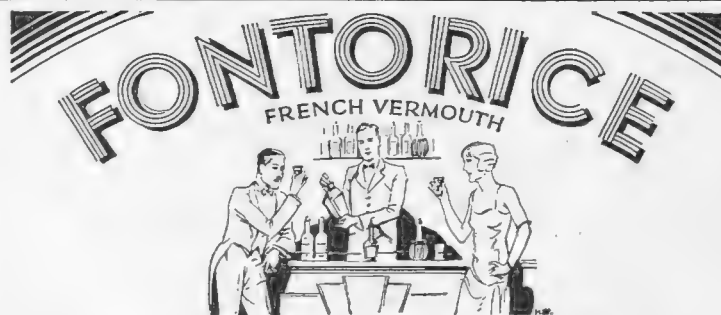
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THE CAMBRIDGE FRESHERS MATCH

R. S. Crisp

The match between Mr. A. G. Hazlerigg's and Mr. D. R. Wilcox's sides ended in a draw, and in this group of the two teams the names, reading from left to right, are: Back row—J. A. H. Wolff, G. M. Leach, A. F. Skinner, J. L. Griffith, W. T. C. Rogerson, G. C. Covey, and W. E. Carr; second row—R. A. E. Craill, T. R. Davidson, M. A. Staniforth, D. L. K. Milman, H. R. Cox, M. T. Maw, M. S. Gosling, A. G. Powell, and C. W. Mole; front row—J. W. T. Grimshaw, J. H. Human, A. W. Allen, R. de W. K. Winlaw, A. G. Hazlerigg, D. R. Wilcox, G. T. Hollebone, A. W. G. Hadingham, R. M. Beresford, and J. A. Gillies. Hazlerigg's side got 178 in their first knock, and 84 for seven declared in the second, and D. R. Wilcox's side got 201 for ten declared

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of the back. It works naturally with them. The clever back section extending when you stoop, or sit, or twist (shown by dotted line). When you stand up it contracts smoothly and unnoticeably.

The Girdle illustrated is in exquisite double Poplin, with panels of strong elastic. Sizes 24—30 in. waist. Price 21/9. Also an attractive Corset to hook at side. Sizes 32—38 in. bust. Price 21/9. Both models in 'Tea Rose' shade.

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CVS—29

*A dainty
Frock for Summer
in spot Crêpe-de-Chine
by Debenhams*



8½ gns.

A N illustration of the vogue for spots is depicted in this dainty Crêpe-de-Chine Frock. Original Cape bodice charmingly finished with roses in its own material. In Summery colourings.

Small Gown Department.

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9 DAYS



SCOTT
AGAIN CHOSE

WAKEFIELD
Castrol
XXL

FOR HIS D.H. GIPSY MOTH

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 304

intensely upon genuine public-danger cases, and let magistrates take a pull at themselves and determine to dispense real justice and cease to act (as far as motorists are concerned) as honorary collectors for county funds; in those circumstances I believe that road-traffic would soon cease to be quite so lethal. Another good thing would be the wholesale destruction of all warning signs that are futile—which means about 90 per cent. of them—followed by the hint that those that remained had to be strictly obeyed under penalty of consequences. The same idea to apply also to white lines. Finally, something might be done towards making road surfaces less treacherous, for I suppose that, when all is said and done, skidding is still the most prolific direct cause of accidents.

Lively Little Lady.

I have recently been giving the Hillman Minx a gay gallop, and muchly did I enjoy so doing, for the car seemed so greatly to enjoy herself too. This is a real motor-car, and with many conspicuously lovable qualities, and a great improvement upon one of the earliest models which I tried some months ago; steady, big production seems to have sweetened it all through. With thirty honest horses under the bonnet, and a high-power weight ratio, you can very easily set up excellent averages, as I well proved with a heftyish full load. The Minx, as the name suitably implies, is fast, and a bold and determined climber. With even quite severe gradients she but characteristically flirts. She boasts but three forward speeds, but I did not feel the need of another, for the engine appears to have almost endless revolutions. This you notice when you strike a favourable stretch of road, for she then proceeds to hit some very high spots indeed on the meter, and what is more to the purpose, she keeps on doing it. The body is more commodious than most of those in the same power and price class, and the car as a whole is extremely comfortable, but I found myself wondering whether a single front seat might not be preferable to two buckets. This is purely a personal opinion (I am "outsize"), and probably most people would disagree with it. It does not in the smallest affect my admiration for a stalwart, all-one-piece, and most delightful motor-car, well worthy of its great name.



MADAME NIKITINA

The latest picture of the renowned queen of the dance, who has just come back to Paris, where she is presenting "Les Biches" and three new ballets of her own creation

"Guy's" and the Track.

A date to make a note of is July 2, when Guy's Hospital is having a gala at Brooklands. There will be many big events, both national and international, and most of the "star turns" will be in the programme. Also there will be a hospital students' and a ladies' race, to say nothing of a *concours d'élégance* for smartest owner and car, and many other novel attractions. Altogether it should be a very fine show and, given good weather, its success is a foregone conclusion, since it does not clash with any other important event.

Worth Getting.

I have just received its latest publication from the A.A., intitled "Touring Grounds of England, Scotland, and Wales"; it is quite the most useful and effective thing of its kind I have ever seen, and should be invaluable to all into whose hands it comes.

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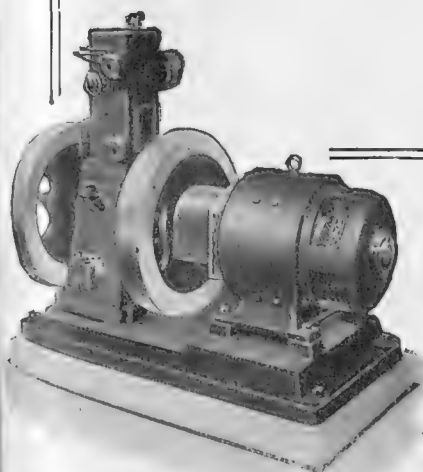
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The inspiring and elegant David De Groot is a splendid example of how genius will come to the fore. As a boy in his native Holland circumstances compelled him to play 2d. a tune in a dance hall, and now, with a £2,000 Stradivarius in his hand, he controls the New Victoria Orchestra, one of the most polished and popular combinations in the Empire. De Groot has for many years been a British subject, and the twenty-seven members of the band are British born. The coming of the talking pictures displaced many musicians, and from various parts of the country the New Victoria management gathered this orchestra, and eighteen months ago called in De Groot to drill them. Firmly, yet in the most friendly way, has he brought this band to perfection, as can be judged by their latest "His Master's Voice" record, Ziehrer's "Vienna Maidens' Waltz," B.4134. To-day the swaying sweetness of the waltzes from Vienna is more appreciated than ever, and the delightful string effects by De Groot's men will enhance the charm of this class of composition, because the record reveals the triumph of team work by men who enchantingly interpret the care-free lilt of the old Viennese school. It is De Groot's proud claim that there is no work his orchestra cannot efficiently tackle, but with big programmes which are entirely changed each week they specialize mainly in standard pieces of acknowledged merit for the enjoyment of all listeners. De Groot is not a showman conductor. His methods are quiet, restrained, and intensive, his idea being to get the best from his players. He adds to the pleasure of the performance by rendering solos on his beloved violin, and when playing he continues to conduct with a glance of his eyes and a nod of the head, a control which can be noted particularly in the gramophone recording studio. De Groot, who has played privately before the King and Queen, has toured America and South Africa, and a further important journey is projected if London can spare him. While he was in Cape Town he appeared at a command performance in Government House in honour of the Prince of Wales, and gave piece after piece at the request of His Royal Highness.



MISS BETTY SCORER

Mannell

Who is appearing at the special matinée of *Bow Bells* at the London Hippodrome on May 31, in aid of the Bow Bells Restoration Fund. The Duchess of York and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught will be present

Among the Columbia records issued this month is the Mendelssohn No. 1 Symphony ("Italian") on three 12-in. records, by the Hallé Orchestra conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty. Lovers of that great musical masterpiece "The Immortal Hour," will be delighted to hear that at last a recording has been made. A condensed presentation is now obtainable on two 12-in. records sung by Gw. Frangon-Davies, Arthur Cranmer, W. Johnston, Douglas, and Bruce Flegg and the Queen's Theatre Chorus. Sir Henry J. Wood and the Symphony Orchestra play the Brandenburg Concerto No. 6 in B flat, for strings, on two 12-in. records. Peggy Wood gives two records from *The Cat and the Fiddle*, namely, "S. Didn't Say Yes" and "Try to Forget," on one record, and "The Night was Made for Love" and "A New Love is Old" on the other. Ten lighter records include Adolphe Menjou, the famous film star, singing "Two White Arms" and on the reverse side of this record is "Good Night, Vienna," Hawaiian guitar solo by I. Fillis; "Prisoner of Love" and "Tell Tales" by Layton and Johnstone; "You're the One" and "Can't We Talk it Over," by the Savoy Hotel Orpheans; "Just Humming Along" and "Tell Me with a Love Song," also by the Orpheans; "It's Just the Time for Dancing" and "Here's to the Next Time," by Henry Harty and the new B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.

The Noble Art Ball will be held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, on June 7 next. The ball is in aid of the Paddington branch of the Royal Children's Aid Association. A special feature of the ball will be contests in "the Noble Art Self-Defence" in which some of the best-known boxers, wrestlers, and sabre-fencers in the country will take part. Tickets, which include supper and the "Noble Art" contests, are 30s. each and may be had from Grosvenor House or from the hon. secretary, Mrs. Gerald Bevan, 3, Alexander Square, S.W.

The Young People's Ball, in aid of the Catholic Seamen's Home, Victoria Dock, is being held at the Café de Paris on Thursday, May 19. Tickets, which are 25s. each—including dinner or supper—may be obtained from Miss Edith Dawkins, Kensington Palace, W.8.



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—all very well in its way—but an English Summer plays some funny tricks.

90 in the shade to-day, zero to-morrow.

And we mortals are expected to be warm all the time. Fantastic? Not a bit. T. M. Lewin (Hosier and Shirt-maker) has a very remarkable fabric for shirts and underclothes called "Gossamatex."

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ALL

A Buster Suit—fresh white Cambric blouse piped blue. Linen knickers—ideal Summer wear for boy age 2 years. 32/6.

THESE

B Flowered Creionne makes this beach frock. At 6 years she likes a full skirt gathered with smocking at waist—and short sleeves. Knickers to match. 21/6.

GARMENTS

C This button-on suit has smartly pin striped top, with brown linen knickers—collar and cuffs in linen. For the little man of 4 years. 11/6.

CAN BE

D Miss 4-years-old will be very proud of this Tobralco frock—in white with dainty blue design—and its smartly flared skirt. Knickers to match. 9/6.

HAD IN

E She'll be as pretty as a picture in this cool green smock—with its quaint sunbonnet. Knickers to match. For the small girl of 2 years. Smock and knickers 27/6. Bonnet 7/6.

A RANGE

F When days are a little chilly—this high-necked cashmere jersey is cosy. With it the 4-years-old wears grey flannel shorts. Jersey 12/6. Shorts 7/6 and 16/6.

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G With this cashmere jersey—and its fancy design—the young 6-years-old wears very manly tweed shorts. Jersey 19/6. Shorts to tone 7/6 to 21/6.

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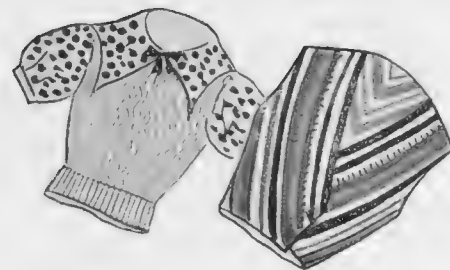
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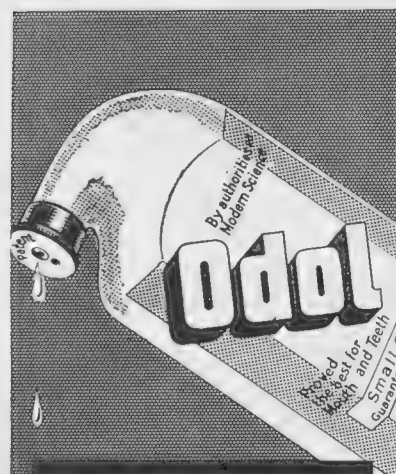
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LONDON SW 1



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Little girl's White Muslin Frock with Sky or Cherry Spray design. Size 16, 20, 26 inch.

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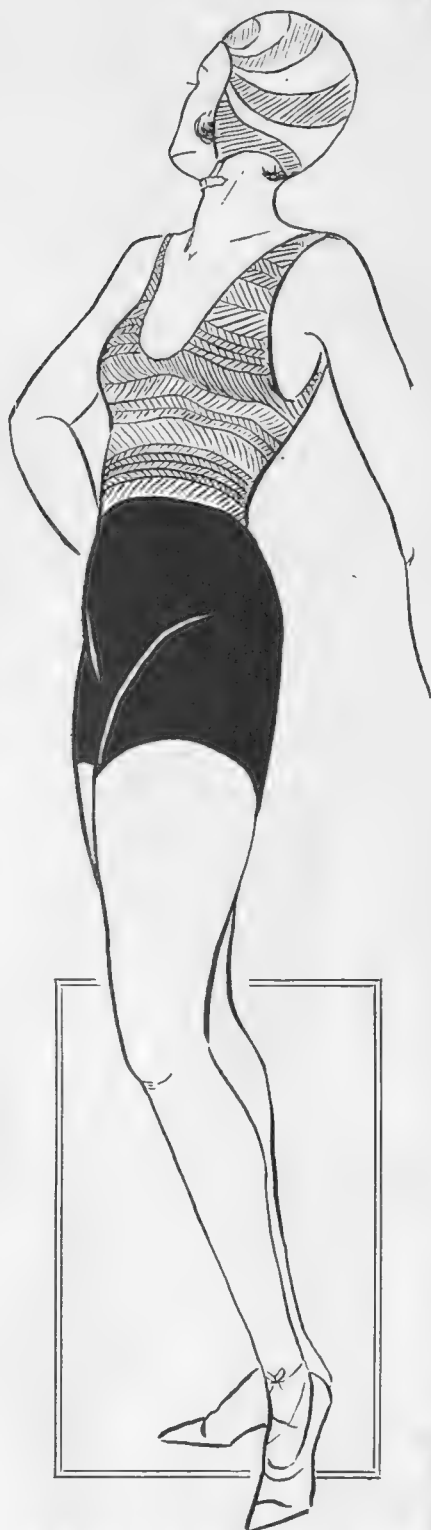
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LONDON SW 1

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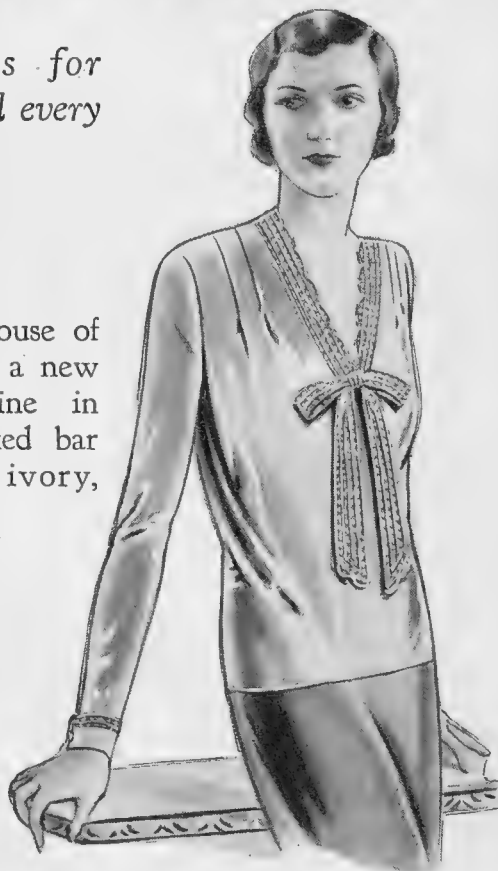
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BED JACKET to match gown on left, daintily trimmed lace down front and pocket.

Price **57/11**

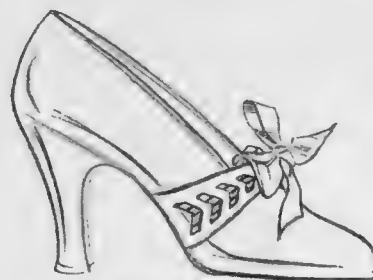
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those lips—or we
DON'T GO!"**



"JUST think—Jack breaking out like that with the door open and the Briggs waiting right there in the car! I nearly died of shame . . . but when I looked in the glass—my lips *did* look painted."

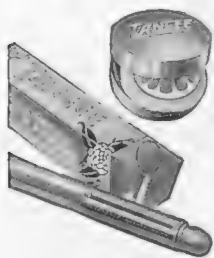
That painted look is one thing men simply *cannot* stand! You don't notice it—but others do. Colours you have grown used to look cheap and tawdry to your friends.

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Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee changes on your lips. It gives the colour most becoming to you.

Tangee Rouge keeps your cheeks from looking painted.

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BRITISH MADE

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*ties at
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Made in our own work-rooms from All-Silk Crepe Satin in Coral, New Blue, New Green, Red, Ivory and Black.

(ML 865) **27/6**

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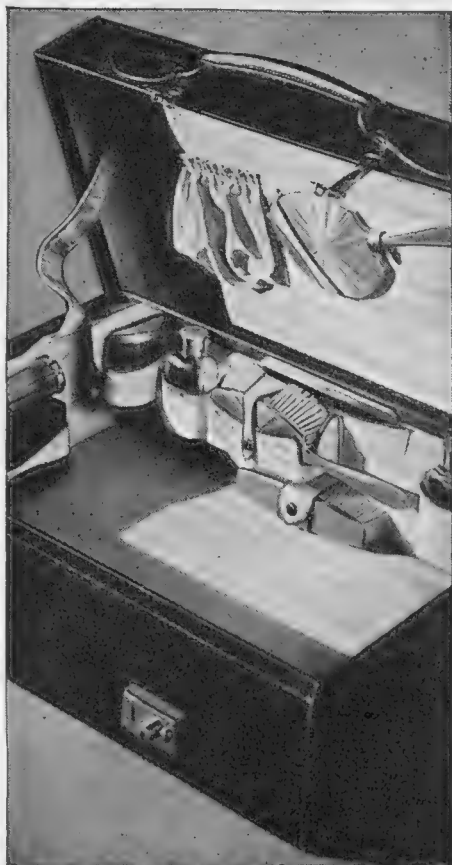


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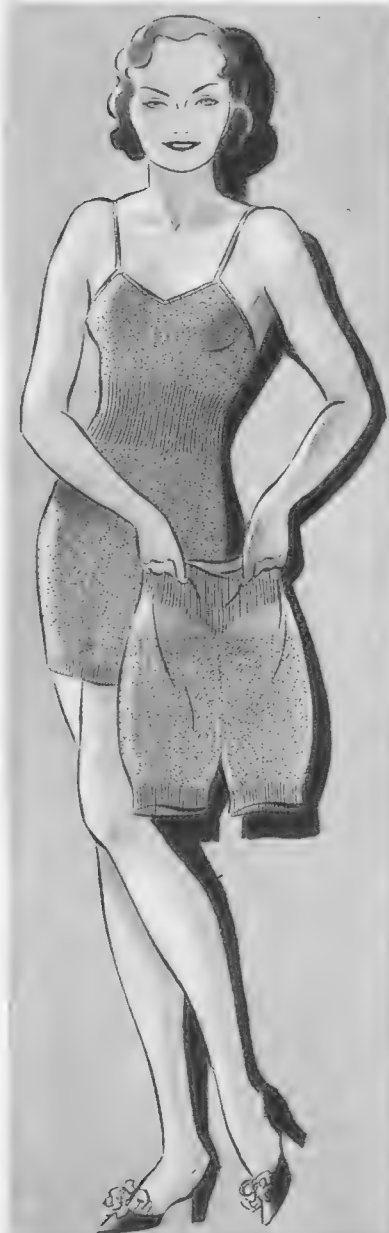
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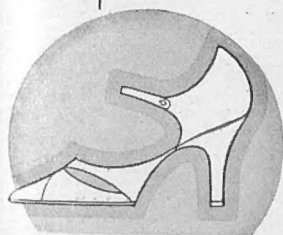


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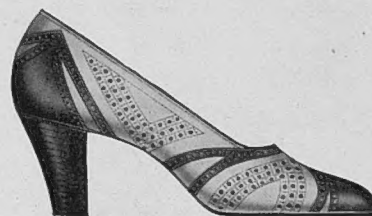
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A new and exclusive Semi-Sports Model in White Doeskin trimmed Tan Russia Calf. Featherweight leather heel 52/6

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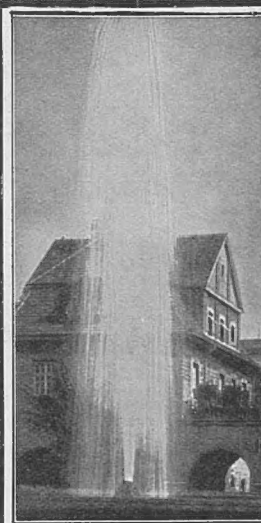
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MARTIN CHEMIST SOUTHAMPTON

Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

Honourable Betting Men

1839:—"Once more I am minded to remark upon ye prompt honesty of Davies.¹ This morning I received his cheque for ye whole sum of my winnings over Charles XII² at Doncaster, though there still be some three days before his settling becomes due. And I mark this as being all ye more creditable since his losses on ye race are reputed to total an almost fabulous figure."

1. A famous bookmaker familiarly known as "the Leviathan bettor" who once lost £100,000 on a single race, and paid it all without question.
2. Then owned by Major Yarburgh. Winner of the St. Leger in 1839 (after dead-heating with Euclid).



- Angela: "It seems to me that the old boy was not so much pleased at winning as relieved that his bookie could pay him."
- Sir Edward: "Well, I expect if we'd been in his place we'd have felt a bit anxious."
- Angela: "But why? It never enters my head to worry about my winnings. As soon as I see my gee go past the box I consider my money as good as banked."
- Sir Edward: "Ah, but your 'Duggie' wasn't in existence all those years ago. In this particular case, for instance, my revered ancestor was dealing with Davies, who was one of the most honourable betting men of his time. All the same, when he heard that his bookie had lost heavily, he would naturally wonder if Davies would be able to meet his losses."
- Angela: "You mean that in those days a bookie might have landed himself in for more than his capital would stand?"
- Sir Edward: "Yes, and even in these days, you could hardly expect every agent to have the enormous resources of 'Duggie'."
- Angela: "Nor his knack of understanding when I mix up horses' names on the 'phone..."
- Sir Edward: "Talking of mixing, darling . . . same again?"
- Angela: "Mm, please."

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